

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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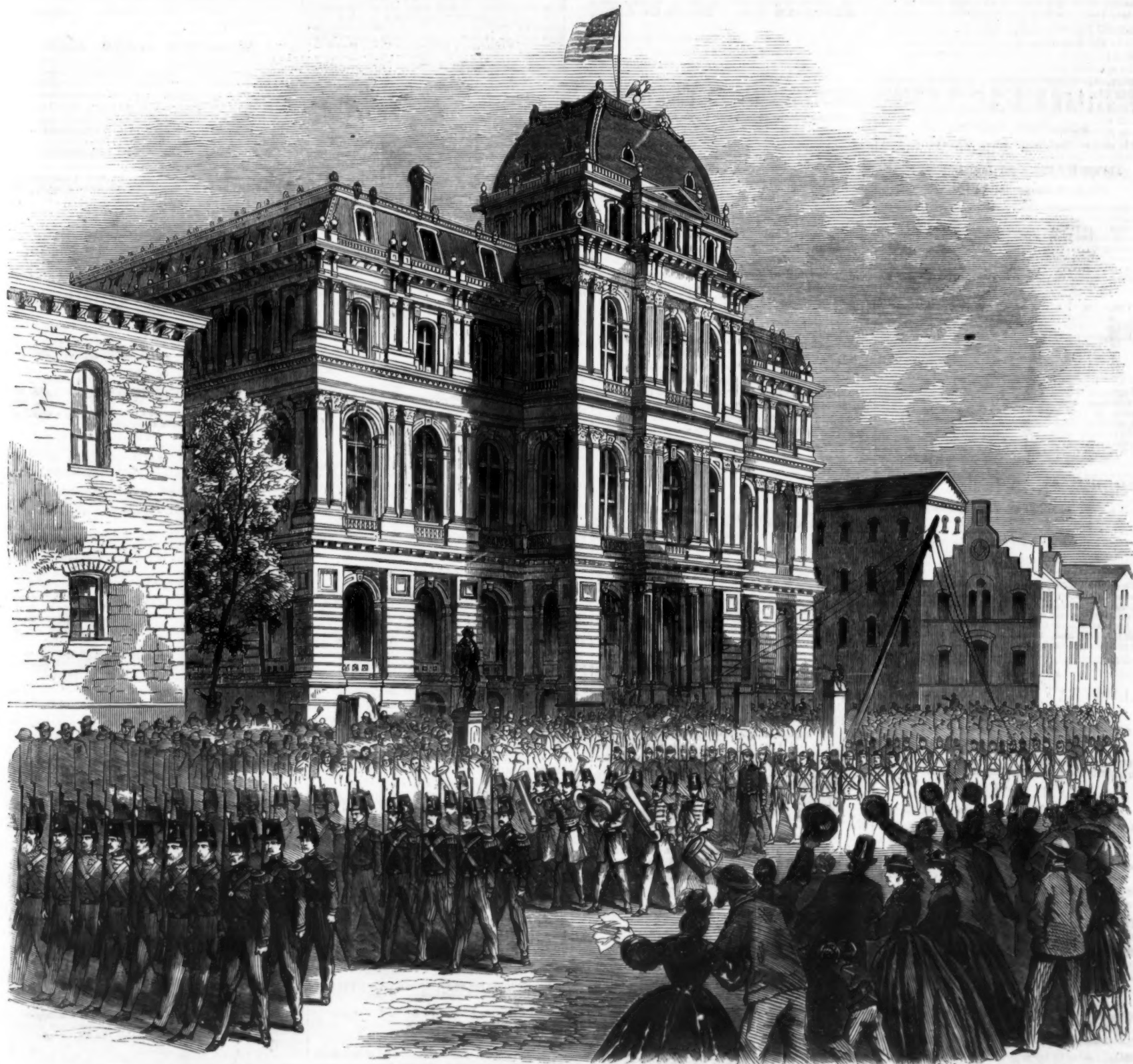
Hats.

Is there any necessity, apart from fashion, for wearing hats? The ancient world did not always wear one, and was not a bit more afflicted with headache than the modern; half of the latter does not wear it. The Hindoo is forbidden to use one by his creed, and among the mass of the people the rule is carefully obeyed. Four hundred millions of people at least never cover the head voluntarily; neither do the charity-school boys of London; neither do European and American women of the higher class, unless we call a wisp of muslin, stiffened with a plait or two of straw, or a few inches of fine wire, covering. None of them suffer from

its absence, and there is no *a priori* reason why a cylinder of buff-covered paper, which only covers the crown, which does not protect the neck, or the ears, or the eyes, or anything, except the mere top of the head, should add so greatly to the general health. It certainly adds nothing to comfort, for of all imbecile contrivances for impeding the traveler's progress in a wind, commend us to the hat, while it reduces us to the use of that still more annoying contrivance, an umbrella. Were it not for the hat, a good overcoat would be a perfect protection; but we must have umbrellas to save the fragile constructions which, at nine dollars a piece, are spoiled if they are dented, injured if a sharp wind strikes them, and utterly ruined by a

pelting shower of rain. As to beauty, there have been head-dresses which improve men's appearance—the cap of maintenance does, and so does the sombrero—but the hat of civilization is an object of ridicule alike to the artist and the savage, to the great painter, who will only attempt it when thrown on one side, and the half-civilized man, who quite seriously nicknames the European who has conquered him the “being who wears a hat,” and feels that the epithet consoles him for subjugation. Cool we believe the stove-pipe is, or would be if it were white, cooler, probably, than any other covering, except a thick turban, but this is its sole advantage, and even this requires the qualification that in a hot day, or a hot

climate, the hat is useless without some folds of muslin or linen falling over the neck. As for its universal use, it is used by about one-tenth of mankind, that tenth never uses it in boyhood, in play-ground or the field, by the seaside or on the farm, at sea or in battle, when at ease or when abroad, or, in short, in any one position in which they can by possibility invent a good excuse for wearing anything else. That substitutes have not succeeded, we admit, but that is because all substitutes yet tried have been devised with a view to picturesque effect, and a picturesque head-dress does not accord with the unpicturesque body-dress of the day. But the failure of substitutes no more proves that the original is good, than the



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failure to cure cholera proves that cholera is a mild disease; all it shows is the deficient inventiveness of those who have attempted it.

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The great object of persons who have become debilitated, and feel forewarned of disease, is a remedy. Many think that biliousness is the cause, and use medicines which but feeds the disease. To all who feel thus we suggest that they try a bottle of the RED JACKET BITTERS, which will invigorate the system and produce perfect health.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

The special American correspondent of the London Times has convinced himself, by careful inquiry, that the stories of the treatment of the Northern prisoners by the South were true. He has seen and conversed with victims of the South, and believes that in the Libby prison, close to Mr. Davis' house, the prisoners were literally starved, that boxes of food were sent by their friends, but the authorities refused to distribute them, and "the prisoners died from hunger in sight of plenty." At Andersonville, 15,000 Northern prisoners lie buried, all dead of fever and hunger, having been kept "on a piece of land, without even a tent to cover them, with a tropical sun beating

on their heads, and without food enough given them to keep a dog alive." It is for permitting this, which he could have stopped by an order of two lines, that, says the writer, "the North hungers for the execution of Mr. Davis."

Mr. GALE, who believes that he has discovered the secret of making gunpowder innocuous, has patented and revealed his plan. He mixes glass, ground very fine, with the powder in the proportion of four to one, and the powder will then bear to be stirred with a red-hot poker without exploding. There is, we believe, no question whatever of the facts, the only doubt being as to their value. Clearly the mixture will want five times the room of the simple powder, and even if that can be provided, two or three questions have to be answered. How long does the powder take to sift, and what must it be sifted through, powder being usually wanted in a hurry? Will the glass shake down from the rolling of the ship, and will not the glaze of the powder be gradually injured, thus materially injuring its force? It is stated that the invention was tried, in 1835, by M. Piobert, a Frenchman, who employed fine sand, but was not found practically valuable.

A SOCIETY has been organized in London for the purpose of explorations in the Holy Land, to be conducted to meet the critical requirements of modern archaeological science. Upwards of \$10,000 have been raised, and Capt. Wilson, who has for sometime been engaged in the same field, has been delegated to superintend the explorations. He is to operate chiefly in Jerusalem and Nabulus, and will commence work in October. Capt. Wilson lately levelled across from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, with two different instruments, and found that the depression of the surface of the Dead Sea on the 12th of March, 1865, was 1,292 feet, but from the line of driftwood observed along the border of the Dead Sea, it was found that the level of the water at some period of the year, probably during the winter freshets, stands two feet six inches higher, which would make the least depression 1289.5 feet. Capt. Wilson also learned from inquiry among the Bedouins, and from European residents in Palestine that during the early summer the level of the Dead Sea is lower by at least six feet; this would make the greatest depression to be as near as possible 1,298 feet. Most of the previous observations for determining the relative level of the two seas gave most discordant results. The Dead Sea was found by one to be 710 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, by another to be on the same level, by another to be 710 feet lower, and by another to be 1,446 feet lower; but the most recent before that now given, by the Duc de Luynes and Lieut. Vignes, of the French navy, agrees with Capt. Wilson's result in a very remarkable manner, considering that the result was obtained by barometric observation, the depression given by them being 1,286 on the 7th of June, 1864, which at most differs only 12 feet from the truth, if we suppose the Dead Sea was then at its lowest.

MEN are full of faults, and it would be very wonderful if women, with a worse education and fewer incentives to high-mindedness than men have, were really the ingenuous, patient, unblemished beings some people would have us suppose them. One can scarcely imagine a man being overtaken by a worse calamity than a wife who harasses his soul with stupid jealousies or senseless caprices, or wastes his substance in frivolous extravagance, or neglects her house and her children and her servants, and lets all things go as they list. There are creatures of this kind whom no sense of obligation ever seems to reach, and whom in time not even a saint could continue to endure. John Wesley's wife, for instance, wearied him to death with unreasonable jealousies. She refused to let him have needful sums of money, because, as she insisted, he wanted to pour it into the laps of the abandoned women. She followed him with all manner of outrageous calumnies. She ran away from her husband several times, until at last she was not asked to return. "Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo," was Wesley's entry on the subject in his journal. Yet, on her tombstone at Camberwell, somebody has set forth that she was "a woman of exemplary piety, a tender parent, and a sincere friend." This is always the case. Bad and odious men get the reputation they deserve. Bad and odious women, always provided they can produce their "marriage lines" upon occasion, never fail to secure an endless number of sentimental partisans and gushing sympathizers. No doubt Mrs. Wesley found plenty of people to believe that her husband was a hypocritical profligate, and that she was a shorn lamb, or torn dove, or something of the sort. Peevish shrews and outrageous viragos fall to the lot of men who have not John Wesley's loftiness of spirit, or his purity and devoutness and power of self-control.

M. DUPIN, Procureur-General of France, recently made a report in the Senate on Prostitution and its increase in the French capital and provinces, which he supported by a remarkable and plain-spoken speech. He boldly charged a large portion of the evil with which he and the committee, of which he was chairman, had to deal, upon the bad example set to the lower orders by what are called the higher classes of French society. Luxury in personal adornment, expensive dress, and the love of jewelry, he averred, accounted for three-fourths of the evil. But M. Dupin did not inform the Senate (it would have been madness for him to do so, and, besides, his wholesome words would, in that case, never have gained publicity) that the blame of extravagance and luxury which now prevails among those of the higher circles in France who frequent the Imperial Court is chargeable upon the court itself. Just as the Emperor has dazzled the eyes and contented the appetite of the *ouvrier* by rebuilding Paris, and covering it with buildings

which are splendid and pretentious without being artistic, so has the Empress Eugenie set the example of an unbounded and insensate luxury in dress to the ladies of the Empire. George IV. invented maccachino; the Empress Eugenie invented crinoline—an invention which has already cost millions of money and a holocaust of human lives. It would be no exaggeration to say, that the number of lives which have been sacrificed to that tremendous shrine of fashion, and which we owe entirely to the Empress, at least equals the number of those which have been wasted upon the ambitious schemes of her husband. For years past it has been known that the lady visitors invited to Fontainebleau and St. Cloud have been required to provide themselves with dresses not only sufficient for a daily change, but for three changes every day, and no dress is expected to make its appearance twice during the visit. The haberdashers and dressmakers, of course, applaud this *régime* to the skies, just as the builders and stone-masons regard the Emperor and M. Hausmann as their Providence. But what is the result? In the latter case an immense increase of the National Debt; in the other, private ruin and accumulation of private debt. After condemning the fact that the committee had been a secret one, and referring to the action of the Government with regard to the social sore—covering it with shame on the one side and legalizing it on the other—M. Dupin spoke as follows:

"I believe the police does its duty, and from the top to the bottom of society it has enough to do. We talk a great deal about the lower classes, but we don't say half enough about the higher ones, who are much more difficult to reach and much easier to see. We talk about the women who exhibit themselves in the street to attract admiration. What about those who display themselves in splendid carriages and attract the attention of every passer-by? What do we see in the highest circles of society? Do they not take pattern by the very persons of whom we are talking, and it is not the Phryne of the streets who sets an example to the fashionable lady? Your committee complains of the sale of photographs at five sous apiece. Go to your theatres, and you will see originals a hundred times worse than the photographs of which they complain. There is another reason, and I think it right to speak still of the higher classes, because examples descend from above to below, before they reascend from below to above. Is it not plain that much of this evil arises from the exaggerated luxury which has lately come into fashion with regard to dress? The wealthiest men in the land tremble at it, and every season produces its revelations of tradesmen's bills which the largest fortunes are almost unable to satisfy, even after long delays of payment. These examples are copied by the inferior classes, who think by that means to establish an equality. Every woman determines to dress like her neighbor. La Fontaine, in one of his fables, was merry at the expense of the frog who wished to make himself as big as an ox; but, as the fashions of the present day are, the frog succeeds in doing so. The frog has only to put a crocodile around her and she is as large as the greatest in the land. When a woman wishes to exhibit herself at a *fête*, and to make some figure there, and she has not the means to enable her to do so, self-love carries the day. She knows that her husband's pockets are not very full, so she dresses herself upon trust, she signs bills and promissory notes, and for these she must find endorsers—a transaction which is inevitably fatal to her virtue. Such, gentlemen, is our present state of society, and this is what requires correction. Where there are no morals, the laws are vain. There are societies called temperance societies. For my part, I should like to see a society of virtuous matrons, mothers of families who, without abandoning the graces of costume, or even the luxury which their fortune permits them, would set the example of denying themselves the useless and superfluous, and who would, by that means, relieve from the evil effects of a bad example those other classes who fall into the depths by their vain endeavors to reach a summit which they have not strength to attain."

THE London Spectator, noticing the reply of Mr. Johnson, to the representation made by the Virginians against the \$20,000 exemption clause in the Amnesty Proclamation, observes:

"The Virginians, as they retired, must have realized, for the first time, what a Southerner had done for them, when he murdered Mr. Lincoln, assassinated the one man in the Union, who felt as a King, bound to restrain and protect all alike, a ruler essentially constructive, and substituted for him a man with the ideas of Danton, the power of a conqueror, and the legal authority of the elected chief of a mighty State, a ruler essentially destructive. The bitterest abolitionist in the Union could not have chosen out of Maine or Massachusetts a man so certain to pulverize Southern society as this Southerner, whom a Southern assassin has placed at the head of affairs."

THE secession press of London cannot give up its system of the misrepresentation of the North, even now when misrepresentation can be of no service to anybody. It seems to have grown into an ineradicable habit. Thus, the *Saturday Review*, reviewing the results of the war, endeavors to glorify bravery, and fearlessness of exposure, by enumerating the number of Southern Generals killed in the war, as compared with the number of Northern officers. "Very few Northern Generals," it says, "now, we believe, holding a high command, were killed or wounded in battle; Gens. Lyon and Kearney being among the rare exceptions." Of course the *Saturday Review* never heard of Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Stevens, Reynolds, Berry, and the dozens of others who sealed their devotion to the Union with their blood.

THE London Athenæum opens a notice of "The Isthmus of Panama, by Charles T. Bidwell, British Vice-Consul at Panama," as follows: "We are rather in doubt, and quite ready to concede the full benefit of that doubt, whether the author means to be facetious or not, when in his introduction he tells us that he understands nothing about book-making. Mr. Vice-Consul Bidwell might have been quite easy on that point. Considering that this is his first attempt in the book line, and that out of 400 and odd pages, 300 are bodily taken from other authors, with acknowledgment, and of the remainder a good many without acknowledgment, we think he shows a dexterity in the use of scissors and paste, of which, under proper cultivation, great things may yet be expected."

From the 1st of December to the 1st of May, 1865, there were 176 fires in the city—the alleged loss was over \$1,000,000, insurance \$3,000,000—the total amount of insurance paid was \$1,570,000.

TOWN GOSSIP.

DICKENS says in one of his lively novels, "that three consecutive fine days drives hackdrivers into atheism," or as some phrase it, "the existence of a great first cause." It must be confessed that nothing can be more trying to a hackman's nerves than to sit hour after hour waiting for a fare, "worse" off than even the angler, who sits with his bait in the water without catching any fish, but who now and then has the slight excitement of a nibble. Now what three consecutive fine days did for a drivers religion, three consecutive days in New York without some monster defalcation has done for us—we almost begin to believe in the honesty of Wall street. Yes, reader, it is a fact, we have had the world revolve on its axis several times, and it has not turned up either a Ketchum or a Jenkins. Of course, we have not the gift of foresight, and what the next summersault of that old acrobat, Father Time, may do, we cannot say; perhaps make amends for lost time, and give us defaulters by the dozen. Apropos of Jenkins, we notice that the usual discriminative *ten-dress* of the New York bar has been displayed in the case of the "pretty waiter girl," who has been discharged from custody, while that nameless animal, between whom and herself she confessed "a limited friendship" existed, has been most properly remanded to prison. That he worked upon the fears of that poor imbecile rogue is evident, but common sense tells all—who possess it—that the last person in the world he would reveal his financial villany to would be his *inamorata*. Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun, for October, has treated this matter very philosophically, and all interested in commercial and domestic security, cannot do better than read what it says on that subject.

There have been numerous arrivals from the fashionable watering-places and summer resorts. The sudden and somewhat unwonted change in the weather has sent the butterflies home. As we write this in one of the pleasant parlors of the Union Hotel we see several of the *crème de la crème* drive away, after bidding the most cordial adieux to that host *par excellence*, Warren Leland—although, in mentioning one, it must be considered we mean all; since what the Kembles were to the drama the Lelands are to hospitality.

Another unpleasant topic of the week has been the prevailing mode of murder, namely, the "railroad," not but what there are numerous other ways of shuffling off the mortal coil if a man is absolutely bent upon suicide, such as paying a few attentions to the fair creatures, whose natural arguments are revolvers, or taking your family on a picnic, which is an invitation to all the neighboring rowdies to insult your wife and beat your brains out if you venture to object. As for punishment, are there not those convenient justices who fine the ruffians a dollar, and let them go, with the advice "not to be quite so playful in future, as some people have a vulgar prejudice against murder and outrage!" Don't smile, reader, this really occurred at a little town up the Hudson, not a month ago. A set of rowdies from Albany actually took possession of the place, robbed the stores, outraged the women, and shot several citizens; and when some of them were captured, they were dismissed with a caution and a fine of \$10!

The theatres have been well attended, as they deserved to be. The Keans at the Broadway, Barnum's unrivaled entertainments at the Winter Garden, where there is always novelty and attraction for all classes. "Arrah na Pogue" still runs its triumphant course at Niblo's, which it deserves to do, since both dramatist and manager have done their best to make an excellent acting play. The scenery is especially admirable. Hermann, the *prestidigitateur*, commences a season of thirty nights at the Academy of Music on the 11th of September. He announces that all the tricks he will introduce are entirely new; some are said to be very interesting, especially those relating to specie, and which recommend him to President Johnson as a capital Secretary of the Treasury—that is to say, if we mean to resume specie payments.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The President has ordered the commandant of Fort Warren to do all in his power to render Alex. H. Stephens as comfortable as possible.

—Postmaster Gen. Dennison declines being a candidate for the Ohio Senatorship.

—Col. J. J. Seibels, of Montgomery, Ala., died in that city on the 8th of August. He was formerly U. S. Minister to Belgium, and was a Douglas man in 1860—he joined the rebels, but on his surrender gave all his efforts to promote reconstruction.

—On the 22d of August, a passenger train on the Norwich Railroad was thrown from the track near Bedford, by running over a cow—about 12 persons seriously hurt.

—The Government has closed all the machine shops in Norfolk, and discharged the hands.

—The Postmaster has ordered the resumption of mail traffic in Georgia.

—In the *Tribune* of the 23d of August, Mr. Horace Greeley handsomely says: "I now see that God's way was better than any that I contemplated."

—The city cars are becoming so great a nuisance, by reason of over-crowding, that an act is to be introduced into the Legislature to meet this growing evil.

—The defalcation of Jenkins has called considerable attention to the cash accounts of the bank-tellers, and several examinations have been made—two only of that class have been found deficient, and of these the securities of one made up the amount.

—A man named Gladwin recently obtained from the proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel, by means of a forged order, railroad bonds and other valuable securities to the amount of \$240,000. They were all recovered from the various parties in whose hands the thief had lodged them for sale.

—The Buenos Ayreans have resolved to call the first town built in a certain district they have named, Lincoln, in honor of our martyred President.

—Judge Florence McCarthy, of the Marine Court, died on Sunday, the 20th of August, in his 42d year.

—Hiram Kenny, aged only 27, has been committed for trial for marrying four wives in four years.

—Frederick Seward has so much recovered from his recent severe injuries, that it is confidently expected he will soon resume his duties as Assistant Secretary of State.

—A Northern firm has leased Jamestown Island in James river, and are preparing it for cultivation.

—It is stated that the colored troops will soon be mustered out of service.

—Genevieve Lyons, the pretty waiter girl, was discharged from custody on the 23d of August, there being no evidence to prove that she knew the money Jenkins gave her was stolen. Brown, her butcher friend, was, however, remanded to the Tombs.

—Col. J. J. Morrison, whose portrait we published in vol. 15, has been breveted a Brigadier-General for his gallant services. He has returned with his regiment, 16th N. Y. V. heavy artillery, but fearfully diminished in numbers. They entered the service 4,000 strong.

—An English officer, Col. Fremantle, has been testifying to the excellent treatment our Union prisoners received from such wretches as Wirtz, against whom such atrocities have been proved that a trial

would seem superfluous, except for the sake of mere legal form. Col. Fremantle shows how little his veracity is worth, since, after testifying to the kindness of the rebels towards our unhappy men, he says: "The Federal authorities let the rebel prisoners rot on Johnson's Island."

—The banking-house of Cole, Sumner & Co., of La Crosse, Wisconsin, has suspended payment, in consequence of the Ketchum frauds.

—The census of Chicago has just been completed—she contains 177,966 inhabitants.

—Mr. Knight, formerly landlord of the Sewall House, Broadway, who was crushed under the ruins of the wall of the St. Charles Hotel on the 7th of August, died on the 24th of August.

—An amusing incident occurred on the Detroit railroad; an officer, who was conveying a female prisoner from Saginaw on the cars, had occasion to go into another car for a short time. The conductor coming along in the meantime, not knowing she was a prisoner, asked her for her fare, which she refusing to pay, he had the train stopped, and the woman put off. The annoyance of the policeman can be imagined when he discovered that his bird had escaped.

—The trial of the rebel Governor of Andersonville Prison-pen, is now proceeding in Washington. Even the rebel surgeon who superintended the place, declares, that but for this man's incredible barbarity, 75 per cent. of the deaths might have been prevented—in other words, three-fourths of over 11,000 persons were murdered by this monster.

—We notice a case of rapid justice in Boston. On the night of the 13th of August, four ruffians, named Van Welmer, Northridge, Shay and Dolan, outraged a woman. On the 23d of August they were tried, committed and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

—The gunboat Donegal, which arrived in New York on the 24th of August, reports, that while towing the steamer Commodore McDonough from Port Royal, the latter sprung a leak on the 23d of August, and was abandoned full of water. The crew was all saved by the Donegal.

—A meeting was held in Jersey City on the 24th of August, to adopt measures to prevent the dumping of garbage in the public ways.

—Railroad accidents are becoming the rule, and not the exception. On the 24th of August there was a collision between a passenger and freight train, on the Old Creek Railroad, near Tusculum, by which nine persons were killed and 17 wounded; and on the 23d of August an excursion train, filled with passengers, returning to Boston from a picnic party, at Abingdon, on the Old Colony Railroad, came in collision with a hand-car on the track, in which were two men. The engine, baggage, smoking, and four passenger cars were thrown from the track, three of the latter being capsized down an embankment. They contained nearly 150 passengers, including many ladies, who were taken out through the windows. Wonderful to say, only seven were hurt, and none of them seriously. The cars, however, were badly shattered.

—A "mountain of silver," or at all events a mountain containing vast quantities of the metal, has been discovered in the new State of Nevada. Its name is Silver Peak, it is east of San Francisco and about 70 miles south of Austin, and 12 immensely rich lodes have already been opened. The whole of Nevada is rich in silver, but this particular spot will, it is believed, produce more than any mines yet discovered. Close to the peak is an extinct crater, near it a vast deposit of salt, with a sight a hill of pure sulphur, and around an endless desert, the whole scene suggesting strongly the picture which Milton drew of hell.

—Edward B. Ketchum, accused of forging gold checks to a large amount, was on the 25th of August arrested, near the house, No. 223 West 20th street, where, it appears, he has been concealed ever since the forgeries became known. The sum of \$48,000 was found in his possession. Ketchum takes his arrest very coolly. During Saturday he had interviews with the different members of his family. District Attorney Hall has entered a complaint against him, on behalf of the people, at the First District Police Court. The date for the examination of the case, has not yet been fixed. Some correspondence was found in Ketchum's possession, which seems to implicate other parties.

Foreign.—The twenty-sixth annual report of the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages in England has been issued. From this we learn that 347,000 persons married, 727,417 children were born, and 473,837 persons died during the past year. With regard to marriages the Registrar-General informs us that the cotton famine of 1861 and 1862 was reflected at once in the registers, and that the rate, which in 1860 was as high as 1,710 persons married to every 100 persons living, fell to 1,628 in 1861, and further to 1,614 in 1862. In 1863 the crisis had passed, the good harvest encouraged marriages, and the proportion to every 100 persons living rose to 1,683, while the average of the last twenty years was 1,640.

—On the 17th instant, a German author, living at Stuttgart, a Dr. Dulk, swam from Romanshorn to Friedrichshafen, a distance of about twelve miles, in six hours and a half.

—It appears that the occupants of the 40 chairs of the Académie Française count amongst them no less than five octogenarians, ten septuagenarians, and 13 sexagenarians. The oldest member on the list is M. Viennet, who was born in 1777, and is, consequently, in the 88th year of his age; the next in seniority are M. de Séguier, 85; M. de Barante, 83; M. Lupin, 82; M. Lebrun, 80; M. Guizot, 78; the Duc de Broglie, 76; M. Villain, M. de Lamartine, M. Emile, and M. Berryer, each 75; M. de Pongerville, and M. Combes, 73; M. Patin, 72; M. Florentin, 71. The youngest member of the academy, as well as the last elected, is M. Prévost Paradol, aged 36.

—The famous rose-tree, planted 1,000 years ago, by the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, in the eastern choir of the cathedral at Hildesheim, has been in particularly fine bloom this season, and looks fresher and greener than ever. Two shoots, which sprang up from the mossy millennial roots of the tree in 1863, have attained already the height of the roof.

—A stringent law for the abolition of slavery is to be brought into the Portuguese Cortes. That is good, but if the king will hang the first colonial governor who breaks it that will be better. Even Southern slavery was endurable compared with the system which prevails in the Portuguese colonies, where one of the lowest of races holds absolute power made cruel by the fear of resistance.

—A great battle has been fought on the Paraná, the grand South American river, commonly called from the name of its estuary, the Plate. Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, has declared war on Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, and on 11th of June his fleet, consisting of eight steamers and six flat boats, attacked the Brazilian fleet of nine gunboats off Corrientes. The Paraguayans were assisted by a heavy battery on shore and fought splendidly, but after a combat of 15 hours they were defeated, losing all their fleet, all but three of their steamers, and 1,700 men. The Brazilians also suffered greatly, losing 19 officers and 800 men, and most of their steamers being rendered useless. Lopez, moreover, has an army below them which is erecting batteries on the river, and it is quite possible that the Brazilians may not be able to descend. One Paraguayan army still occupies Corrientes, and another has entered the Brazilian province of Rio Grande, and taken Boria. It is asserted that had Lopez won the engagement he would have been master of the whole valley of the Plate, have founded an empire, and decreed the summary extinction of slavery in Brazil.

HUMAN LIFE.—Hops writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A BATTALION OF THE 71ST NEW YORK REGIMENT IN BOSTON.

A BATTALION of the 71st regiment of New York, consisting of Companies B and H, numbering 125 men, under command of Capt. A. M. Underhill, and accompanied by Dodworth's band, paid a visit to Boston on the 16th of August. The command left the city of New York on the evening of the 15th by the steamer Metropolis, and breakfasted on the boat at Newport. They arrived in Boston shortly before eleven o'clock, on the second train from Newport, and were escorted from the depot by the Fusiliers, where they were introduced to his honor Mayor Lincoln, who welcomed them in a speech, which was replied to by Capt. Underhill. In the afternoon they partook of a dinner at the American Hotel, after which they visited the Charlestown Navy Yard, Bunker Hill, and other points of interest.

FLOWER INFLUENCE.

I saw the young flowers rise
Last May, on Southern hills
And by Virginian rills,
A thousand heavenly eyes;
And I forgot the slain
Who there might once have lain.

But while they gave me joy
There came no whispered word
From flowers my feet that stirred—
"A prison murdered boy—
Thy brother—lieth low
Where our sweet kindred grow."

I know it now; and when
I marched with solemn tread,
Where Spring her train hath spread,
O'er Southern slopes again,
More sternly I will long
To strike, and crush the wrong.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

In the fall of 1846, I was traveling eastward in a stage-coach from Pittsburgh over the mountains. My fellow-passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex. I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow-travelers also, and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt, than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler thus proceeded:

At the age of eighteen I was light of heart, light of foot, and I fear (here he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October; the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage-coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as a talker, I as a listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the coach-windows elicited an observation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low, rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down on the sides, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray limb of a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublimity existence with the speed of thought.

"Tis a perfect tempest," said the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a

sudden storm. There is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder-storm in the Jura immediately recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, Jean Marie! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illumined the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst, and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains!"

"I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver, but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear, the appalling words:

"The coach is being moved backwards!"

God in Heaven! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards!

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses.

Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness, for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent, I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

The traveler paused. His features worked for a minute or two, as they did while we were on the mountain; he pressed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story:

On a humble couch, in a humble room, of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a while all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any intercourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the incident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady," I gasped, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and Uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise! Poor Orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention, by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her great grief, but briefly acquaint you that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her father's home in the South; and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar to-

gether as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveler, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has made a physical coward of me, at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention; "what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few yards of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

The traveler here fell into a musing attitude, as if further allusion to the subject would be unpleasant to him. Shortly after this we reached the railroad station, where I parted with my fellow-passenger with feelings of profound esteem.

A RATTLESNAKE STORY.

We have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City, but such, it appears, is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the Court-house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected near the same locality, and all that remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar and two well-preserved brick cisterns, which had been kept covered up. Last week, the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower-garden, found himself in want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best bricks he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank, with one end partially embedded in the earth, that somewhat incommoded him, so, seizing it with some exertion, he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise at the next moment to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and himself without a weapon in his hand! As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out; and the snake, bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene; but she was so overcome with fright that she became powerless to render assistance. The snake, in the meantime, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed, on each occasion, to lift him upon the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake all the time becoming more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but, watching his chance, made several frantic efforts to jump bodily from this seeming pit of destruction. At the last trial he fortunately grasped a brick, which gave way with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he fired it, making, probably, one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wall he became a "pretty well used-up serpent." Weak and exhausted, our hero, by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit, but when once more upon the earth he fainted away, and it was some time before he recovered. For several succeeding days he was very unwell, owing, probably, to the poisonous effluvia inhaled, while his desperate exercise in the encounter rendered him extremely lame. The snake was afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles.

FRETFULNESS.—Fretfulness is a great lender of misery. It begins its loans to very young borrowers; and there is great danger that if its debtors draw on it early they will become sad spendthrifts of misery, and scarcely ever be able to free themselves from the clutches of their hard task-master and creditor. There is nothing more successful in making people unnecessarily miserable than a fretful, discontented spirit. It works ill in two ways; it causes its victims to think badly of themselves, and (what is worse) to think badly of other people too. Fretfulness and peevishness are very much under our own control. Men can choose to what extent they will permit circumstances to have influence over them, and the character of that influence.

An eccentric person, of the Johnsonian school, has made a sort of fable on this subject. He maintains that all kinds of weather may be made charming to a man if he so will; that if he will go out in the rain, without any defence, and pretend to know nothing about the showers, the rain will cease for him, each drop exclaiming, "It is no use raining upon that man, he does not mind it." There is a moral to that fable; and we may be sure that, if instead of allowing every slight incident in personal, social, or family life to ruffle our tempers and make us wretched, we were determined to regard fewer of them, the wear and tear of life would be much less, and days and hours would pass more pleasantly. In every house, every day, there are trivial circumstances which, if dwelt upon, will cause trouble for a long time, but which are so small that they should never be noticed.

Said Cervantes, "Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife? Bid her bring water to thee in the sunshade; a very fair quarrel may be picked about moles in the clearest water."

Yes; great misery—all borrowed, none of it necessary—is brought to families by the fretful, capricious, querulous scoldings that occur every day; by the ridiculous, persecuting, vixenish notice taken of paltry things at home. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters! If our homes are to be happy, joyous places, hunt out mere fretfulness, and make the love borne by one to the other as considerable to mutual weakness as is the courtesy that is paid to strangers.

THE COLOR OF BIRDS.—Color is intended not merely for beauty; it is, in fact, a mode of concealment, the most universal of all means of defence, and one that appears in every race of animals. As the strength, the weapons, and the velocity are all on the pursuer, color is much more resorted to for the defence of birds than of any other creatures. In the partridge, the quail, the woodcock, and the snipe, the likeness of their colors to the brown earth on which they move, is such as often to conceal them from every eye, not excepting the piercing sight of the hawk or the kite. The hovering fow may be observed above during the chase, though the victim has not escaped, deceived also by smaller birds, even when the accordance in color is not great. Often do they shift their position under the eye of the hawk, eagle, or pounce upon them, and then stop, as if, as W. H. H. says, "they knew the color of the spot upon which they were cowering and squatting was a sure defence."

A LADY on the grand stand at the Saratoga races told a newspaper correspondent that she had \$28,000 worth of diamonds in her hair; that she felt perfectly "safe," as no pickpockets were admitted within the gates, and her husband had put a policeman behind her with nothing else to do but see that her diamond head suffered no violation.

THE SUPPLY OF PEACHES FROM NEW JERSEY FOR THE NEW YORK MARKETS.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. J. E. Taylor.



A PEACH ORCHARD AT CRANBERRY, N. J.—PICKING PEACHES.

THE PEACH TRADE.

The traffic in peaches in the metropolis has grown to be of an extensive and interesting character. The principal trade is carried on with New Jersey, where the fruit is grown in orchards of from 1,000 to 45,000 trees each. They are in season for about two months, from July 20 to September 20. During that time, probably an average of 50 car-loads a day, at 400 baskets per car, pour from the West and South into New York, either to be eaten in the city or re-shipped to the East and North. About one-third is thus re-shipped; and some of the fruit goes as far as to Canada and New Brunswick. The New Jersey crop this year is rather short, particularly of the yellow sorts, and the deficiency is made up from the crops of Delaware and Maryland.

The prices charged this year by the commission dealers in New York city, may be roughly named at from \$1 25 to \$1 75 per basket (of somewhat over half-a-bushel); though very poor and very superior samples have brought only 50 cents, or as much as \$2 50. Thus the New York peach business comes to a total of about 1,000,000 baskets, for which the commission merchants receive at least \$1,500,000, and the retailers a good deal more.

In the illustrations which accompany this article, our Artist has afforded graphic and well-chosen views of interesting eras in the career of the peach.

Among the localities in New Jersey where peaches are raised, may be named Flemington, Hightstown, Rocky Hill, Millston, Titusville and Cranberry, of which our Artist has selected the last as the subject of his sketch. We might very greatly increase the list.

The fruit is ready for picking just a little before it is dead ripe, for it must be hard enough to endure the

necessary transportation by railroad. It is picked by hand, usually on the day before that on which it enters New York; if of even quality, is basketed without assorting; is, however, sorted if necessary, and after each

basket is covered with a coarse cloth, sewed on all round the top, the farmers' consignment is carried by wagon away to the nearest railroad station. Here, if business is sufficiently brisk, a regular "peach train"

is run; that on the Delaware road, for instance, stopping at 15 principal peach stations. The baskets, duly addressed, are shelved in the cars, four deep, and away they thunder to Jersey City. On arrival, they are

promptly put aboard barges, heavy, full-built, helpless affairs, and soon a fussy, puffing little steam-tug escorts the big barge across the river, frothing and foaming, like an irritable little man. When they reach the dock at Pier No. 1, or at West Washington Market, trucks convey the luscious fruit to the stalls of the commission dealers.

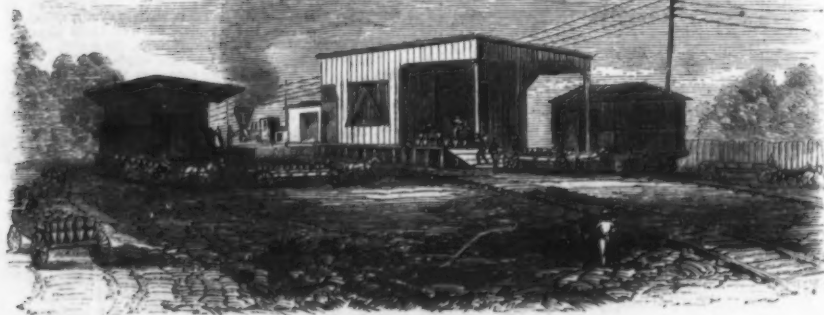
Peaches ripen promptly, and decay even more so. From picking to eating there must not be more than four days, or in extreme cases one or two more, even if the picking be done in Maryland and the eating in cold New Brunswick. Accordingly, the commission dealer is a prompt and busy man, and whether his day's receipts be 100 baskets or 10,000, next morning finds but very few of them left on his hands. They have gone aboard another train or to a sound steamboat, and away they are careering to tickle the palates of epicureans generally. Those that remained have gone to the retailers, to the hotels, to the restaurants, or to the private consumer.



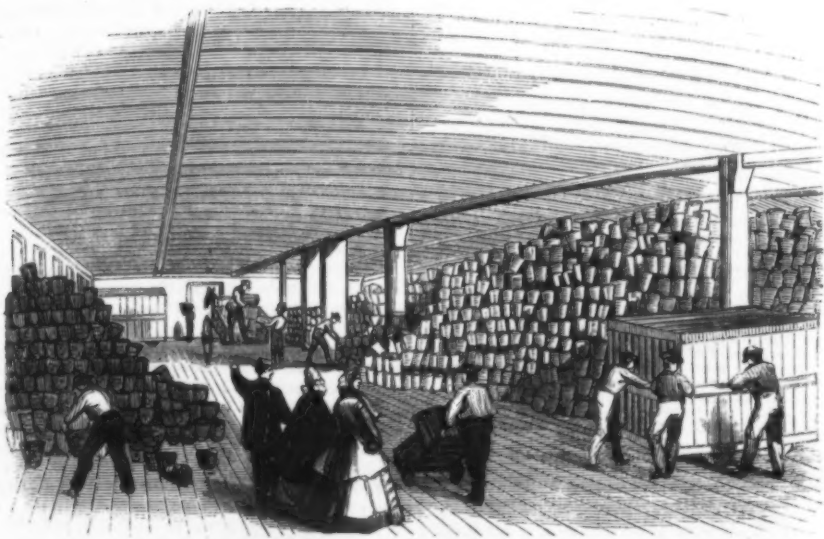
ASSORTING AND ARRANGING THE PEACHES FOR MARKET.

TROUT FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

If Izaak Walton were alive and a resident of this country, it is quite probable that about this season he would be found following up the mountain streams of Pennsylvania. It is here the bright-scaled carmine-speckled active brook trout—the greatest favorite of anglers—can be found in abundance. Like the pike, the trout loves some special hiding-place, some sheltering stone or hole in the bank, whence it may watch for prey. Its peculiarly delicate flesh, its voracity, and the mixture of strength, agility and spirited courage, form a combination of excellences fascinating to both professional and amateur anglers. We give a sketch this week illustrative of one of those cool and delightful resorts in the interior of Pennsylvania, which fishermen desire most to visit.



PEACH WAGONS AT PROSPECT PLAINS DEPOT, N. J.



THE BARGE FOR CONVEYING PEACHES FROM AMBOY, N. J., TO NEW YORK CITY.



TROUT FISHING IN THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OUR BRAVE DEPARTED.

BY J. B. SWETT.

WHERE the clouds of conflict lower,
On the distant field of battle,
Mid the roar, and 'mid the rattle,
'Tis a fearful thing to die.



Yet, in such a trying hour,
Battling for the cause we cherish,
It is nobleness to perish,
And in death's cold arms to lie.

But the heart goes wild with yearning,
When the pall of death is falling;
And our natures, wildly calling,
Beg to die where loved ones weep.
And the spirit, homeward turning,
With those scenes to us the dearest,
And those hearts to us the nearest,
Is alone content to sleep.

It is sad for us to ponder
O'er the thousands who have perished
Thus, afar from things they cherished,
Just as dear as you or I.
And in sympathy we wander,
With our heart and soul of feeling,
Where the bolts of war were dealing
Death, where rang the battle cry.

Now the bells for joy are ringing,
And the shouts of victory swelling;
Victory's song, is too; the knelling
Sound of death and tragic doom;

For to mind, those sounds are bringing
Scenes of death before our fancies;
And our spirit-vision glances
Into many a lowly tomb.

They have gone from us forever;
But a grateful memory, dwelling
In the nation's breast, is telling
How it loves its valiant braves.
Low they sleep—forgotten never—
In remembrance we adore them;
Gentle spirits hover o'er them,
In their lone neglected graves.

OUR STORY.

EIGHT years ago I was foreman in the Guilford powder works. It was a dangerous situation and not altogether as pleasant as it might have been. But the salary was larger than I could obtain in any other place just then; and this, to a man with an invalid mother and a little sister to support, was no mean object. Besides, I hoped at no very distant day to have a home of my own, presided over by the girl of my choice—beautiful Marion Ware. This dream of happiness in the future made me better contented with my life. I was willing to work for a competence that she would share with me.

Marion and I had been playmates together. I could hardly recollect the time when I had not loved her; and when I went away to college (my family circumstances were better than at the period at which I am writing) we were engaged. I returned to find her the belle of Newark, but she was still true to me, and though it gave me a pang to see her careless flirting with other young men, I excused it and thought it would be all right when she was my wife. She was young and gay, and Newark was a dull place, I said; it would be downright selfishness in me to grudge her the little amusement she obtained from the country beau; so long as she loved only me, what need I care who she smiled upon? We were to be married in November, and as the time drew near an intense desire seized me to escape from the momentous, dangerous existence I led in the mills. When I was married I should leave them forever, but somehow I could not wait for that time to arrive. I wanted a little freedom to myself. A few weeks would make no difference to my employers I thought, and so, when I gave my notice to leave, I gave it for the 14th of September, instead of November as I had first intended.

My employers were very sorry to part with me, and they offered to raise my salary from \$800 to \$1,000 if I would remain; but I had decided and was not to be turned from my decision. The last day of my stay passed quietly enough, and at night I left the dark buildings behind me with a thrill of relief.

I had not been so light-hearted since I was a boy. My bondage was over; henceforth I could

breathe without fear that the next moment I should be blown above the clouds. I cast off the mill suit of clothing with a sensation akin to that which a prisoner must experience when he breaks the shackles of slavery. Once more I was a free man.

That was a happy evening. Marion had been ending the afternoon with my mother, and I

had walked home with her. The moon was at its full, the west still flashing with the kiss of sunset, a few light fleecy clouds sailed through the deep blue above—and we were lovers! We lingered along the way. I was in a hurry to break the spell of that sweet evening, and it was near midnight when I got home. Soon after I fell asleep, but my rest was troubled. I supposed I



"I SNATCHED THE WOMAN BY MY SIDE AND PLUNGED THROUGH THE GAFING DOORWAY."

must have been dreaming, but it seemed a vivid reality to me then.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged, and led it over the hill and through the field to the mills. It was a wild, dreary path, for it was necessary that the rails should be removed as far from any human habitation as possible, and there was no more fitting spot than the "valley of despair," for miles around. A sullen stream flowing through it, supplied the water-power which moved the machinery, and in the forest beneath were numberless blackened heaps being converted into charcoal. I saw all this plainly in my dream. Even the great grey rock by the spring, at the place where I had so often stopped to drink from the worn out dippers, was right before me. There was a struggle in my mind; I thought I could not decide which path to take, the one leading into the distant village, or the old accustomed one to the mills. While I was sitting I heard a voice, clear, solemn and strong, that seemed to come from the ends of the earth, and it said:

"Go to the mills! Your work is not yet finished."

I awoke; the moon was shining coldly in at the window, the great arms of the elms moved slowly to and fro in the night wind, and a lonely cricket chirped in the wainscot. I lay down again thinking of little but my dream, save to rejoice it was only a dream, and shortly after fell asleep.

Again was that vision repeated with singular minuteness, circumstance for circumstance, and again I awoke. I thought it extremely remarkable that I should dream twice on the same matter, but explained it to myself that I had been thinking so much of my departure from the mills, it was a coincidence, nothing more, I said, and turning over I soon lost my consciousness.

For the third time that haunted dream visited me, and this repetition was almost frightfully vivid. Everything about it bore so strongly the semblance of reality that I started up, covered with cold perspiration from head to foot, and in the room still lingered, as it were, the hollow echoes of that phantom voice.

The moon had gone down, the dawn was breaking in the east, cold and gray. I am not superstitious, and I will confess that an involuntary shudder went over me when I recollected what I had passed. I tried to shake off the spell that was on my spirit, but in vain; it was as if I had walked world-lost to all humanity for ever. The memory and thought of every earthly thing was swallowed up in the recollection of that fearful voice.

I rose, and dressing myself, went down to work in the garden. This had always been a favorite employment of mine, but on this occasion it failed to restore my mind to its wonted tone. I was restless and uneasy, laboring under a consciousness of some duty unfulfilled.

At last I put down my hoe and went into the house. I put on my mill clothes, and sought the sitting-room, where my mother was. She looked up in surprise as I said:

"Mother, I am going to the mills."

"Indeed! I had hoped you were done going there, Edward. Yesterday was the fourteenth, was it not?"

"Yes; but I feel obliged to go to-day. My work is not yet done; it will be finished soon I think."

I kissed her and went out. The gloomy path through the woods looked gloomier and darker than ever. I hastened on, and soon came to the point where the paths diverged. Involuntarily I stopped, and to my imagination the prophetic voice seemed to be throbbing in the air, urging me forward to the mills. At the door of the grinding-mill I met Mr. Morton, the senior proprietor. He grasped my hand eagerly.

"Ah, Green, glad to see you! What's this I hear about your leaving us? Lincoln was speaking about it last night. Why we couldn't part with you at all."

"I did give notice to leave last night, and intended yesterday for my last day in the mill; but circumstances have decided me to remain some time longer—a month, perhaps."

"Right; only you must set no time. We'll make your salary satisfactory, if that has anything to do with it—say twelve hundred a year—if you will stay. We are willing to pay you something for the risk you run."

"Thank you, I will think of it," I said, and went on with my duties as usual.

Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. The great machine toiled on as ceaselessly; the men in their felt slippers went about as noiselessly as ever. I began to smile at the absurdity of my last night's vision; "I had eaten too much supper, stayed out too long whispering soft nothings to Marion," I said to myself.

"Well, another month in the mill would pass away in time," I said. "I could endure it as I had the many which had preceded it. It was not eternity."

Towards night a party of visitors arrived. Such things were frequent. Newark was somewhat of a summer resort for the city people, and a sojourn there was not complete without a visit to the powder mills. There had been considerable talk of putting a stop to the admittance of visitors to the mills, on account of the danger they incurred and the trouble they gave us to put them in suitable trim to enter the operating-rooms, but it had not yet been decided upon, and we still suffered from the infiction.

I went out to meet this party, and to assist them in changing their shoes and garments that might have buttons of any metallic substance; for it was one of the cardinal regulations, that no person should be allowed in the interior mills, who had a particle of metal about them, or nails in their shoes, for the fear of combustion by friction.

Our visitors were two gentlemen and three ladies. The two elder ladies I did not notice particularly, but the younger one attracted me, in spite of myself. Why, I didn't know. She was not really beautiful—my Marion was much more brilliant—

but there was something about her better than beauty.

Her complexion was clear, with a tinge of rose color in her cheeks and lips. Her eyes were very dark, expressive hazel, her features pleasant, though not strictly regular, and her hair, bronze in the shade, golden in the sun, was put back in a mass of glittering wealth, to fall from her hat in heavy curls. She was dressed in blue, some soft lustrous material that fell around her with a matchless, indescribable charm.

She did not wish to enter the mill, but the others called her a little coward and dared her on. She was not afraid, I knew, but she disliked to give us trouble, therefore we were all the readier to put ourselves to inconvenience on her account. I have always noticed that those women who exact the least receive the most.

The gay company, laughing, and joking, and bantering each other in regard to their fear, followed me in. The lady in blue walked quietly at my side, saying very little, barely replying to the lively sallies of her companions—perhaps she thought it ill-timed mirth. I don't know.

We had been all the rounds, and had returned to the reception-room, next to the drying-room, at one end of the main building. This apartment overhung the pond, from whence came our supply of water, the basin of which was formed of a large dark gorge in the hollow of the wooded hills. There was a large swinging door opening from the room directly over the pond, for the convenience of casting out rubbish, and this door I threw open for the visitors to obtain a view of the prospect beyond. They soon tired of this, all but the lady in blue, she still stood looking out over the dreary scene, lighted by the departing rays of the lurid sun.

Suddenly I heard a low ominous hiss from the adjoining apartment, a sound which once heard is always remembered; my blood turned to ice in my veins.

I recognized my fate—in another second's time we should be in eternity.

I snatched the woman by my side and plunged through the gaping doorway. Simultaneously a deafening roar burst upon my head—a crash, as if the globe was rent—ten thousand cannons were discharged in my ears—the blood flowed from my eyes and nose—the air was black with missiles, which reached the water only a little later than we did. Down, down we went, it seemed, to an interminable depth, but that plunge saved us.

When we came up everything was still. A deathly silence had fallen on all nature—the place reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

I swam to the shore with my companion, and supported her up the bank. She was not unconscious. Her dress was drenched with blood. I lifted my arm to seek the wound, and saw that the crimson tide flowed not from her veins, but from the mutilated stump where once belonged my own right hand! It had been blown off.

Later I experienced a strange stinging in the back of my head, and found, on examination, it was fearfully gashed. The very bones grated beneath the pressure of my fingers.

I went home like one in a waking dream. I remember very little of it, except that the lady in blue was with me, that she talked soothingly to me in a sweet voice, and that afterwards, when I suffered untold agonies from some sharp instrument, she stood by me with words of gentle rest and peace, after that all was blank.

There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from the window. When I awoke to consciousness, I spoke my first thought. Where is Marion? Mother tried to put me off with an evasive answer, but I would know the whole truth. She told it to me with great reluctance. Marion had not been to see me since the day of the accident, and then at the sight of me she uttered a shriek of horror, and fled from the room.

"But has she sent no message?"

"There is a note, but you must not read it till you are better. You have been eight weeks delirious, and the excitement may be fatal."

"Give me the letter," I said, with all my stern self-will in my voice, "if not, I will get up and seek it myself."

She brought it to me, the delicate, rose-perfumed thing, no more heartless than she who dictated it. It was elegantly got up altogether.

Miss Ware sympathized with me deeply—hoped and trusted I would be restored to health, &c., &c., and ended in releasing me from my engagement. She prayed I might be granted resignation, and closed in saying she was my most sincere and attached friend.

I crushed this scroll in my hand. I would have ground it to powder—annihilated its very dust from the face of the earth, if I could. I didn't mean to curse Marion Ware, but I am not sure but I did. It would not be strange.

Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hot-house flowers on the little stand by the bedside. After a while I began to feel curious about them. I asked my mother where they came from.

"Miss Gaylord sent them."

"Miss Gaylord? I know no such person."

"The young lady you saved from the explosion with you. She is a Miss Adele Gaylord, of Trenton, and to her you owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, Edward. I often think she saved your life, for when you raved in delirium, and would have torn off the bandages from your head, when the surgeon had trepanned your wound, she almost had the power to quiet you. Why, when you was at the worst, she stood over you three days and nights without sleeping, never complaining, never getting out of patience with your moods. She is an angel."

I thought so myself. I knew then the meaning of the fair visions that had haunted my delirious brain during those days of anxious suffering. I knew whose soft voice had come to me sometimes like harp notes, whose gentle hand soothed away

the pain from my brow, and pressed down my eyelids with sweetest sleep.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"At the La Tourette House. She was spending the summer with some distant connection of the family at the time of the accident. They all perished in that dreadful explosion, and she has been awaiting the return of Col. Gaylord, her father, who has been away sometime in China. He is daily expected now, and will take his daughter to their home in Trenton. He is a man of influence and wealth, and she is his only child."

Miss Gaylord called in several times during the next three weeks. How beautiful she was to me now.

By the first of December I was able to sit up most of the time and go out some.

One clear starlight night my mother left me alone for the first time during my illness; she and my little sister Effie went to a Sabbath school concert in the village. I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great arm-chair, and sat down to a quiet hour of dreaming. The music of sleigh-bells aroused me. The music ceased for a moment, then passed down the road, the door opened softly, and Adele Gaylord came in. Blushing and hesitating at seeing me alone, wrapped up in rich furs and crimson hood, she paused on the threshold. I rose up to meet her.

"Come in, Miss Gaylord, I am glad to welcome you."

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone to the village with Effie. Let me take off your wraps, will you?"

I drew up a chair for her and took off her outside garments. She was hardly at her ease.

"Indeed, I ought not to stay, Mr. Greene, papa was going to the Ridge, and will be back at eight, and will take me home then."

"You are not afraid of me, Miss Gaylord. I am not an ogre if I have but one hand. I think you will stay. I should have been very lonesome."

She laughed musically, and sat down with me before the fire. I talked incessantly, just as people will whose hearts are too full to trust themselves to silence. I thought she seemed a little sad, but, perhaps, it was mere fancy. The clock struck eight, and simultaneously the sound of distant bells struck the frosty air. Adele arose and put on her shawl.

"I called to say good-bye, Mr. Greene," said she, in a subdued voice. "I am going away to-morrow. I am very sorry not to have seen Mrs. Greene; you will give my adieu to her and to Effie."

"Yes; you go to Trenton, do you not?"

"For a few weeks only. We sail for Europe the first of February. Papa has business there which will detain him some years, and he wishes to take me with him."

I thought she grew very pale as she spoke, but it may have been the vivid scarlet of her hood, making her white by contrast. I crushed back the deep groan that rose to my lips to say pleasantly:

"Bon voyage. May heaven prosper you."

I gave her my one hand. She laid hers in it, cold and trembling within it, and our eyes met. There were tears on her cheeks; they dropped down and fell on our clasped hands. A wild beautiful hope sprung up in my heart, and yet hardly a proper move of a revelation.

"Oh, Adele, have I found life's sweetness to lose it for ever? Would to heaven I were well and strong once more?"

"And what then?" she said, softly, her face hidden from my view beneath the folds of crimson worsted.

The next moment I held her in my arms.

"Adele can it be? shall it be? Remember, I am but the mutilated wreck of a man, but my heart is strong, and true, and tender."

"I remember everything," she said, "and I should be unworthy of a love like yours did I care the less for you because of this sad misfortune. For your sake I wish it had never happened to you. For my own I have not a single regret."

The sleigh whose bells we had heard had long ago passed by; it was not her father; and we sat down together, to enjoy the most nearly perfect happiness I had ever known.

Colonel Gaylord came at last to find his daughter encircled by my arm, her blushes and my presumption making the condition of things pretty evident to a man of sense. We went up to him together. Adele spoke then softly to him:

"Papa, this is Mr. Greene, who saved me when the powder mill blew up. I love him and he loves me. Will you give us your blessing?"

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Greene," he said, cordially. "I suppose I owe my daughter to you, but really I had no idea to give her up to you in this unceremonious fashion. However, if you love her and she loves you, and you are the honest man that people say you are, take her and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

I was only too happy to take him at his word, and a few weeks later Adele Gaylord became my wife. Marion Ware was married to a gentleman who had long sought her favor; a gay, wealthy young fellow, not troubled with a superabundance of heart. So much the better for him, I said, when I heard of it.

The Guilford powder works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, and on their ruins I have erected a fantastic tower to mark the spot where I first met her who has made my life beautiful.

A TEMPLE DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.—Letters from Naples describe a temple of Juno, just discovered among the recent excavations at Pompeii. Three hundred skeletons were found crowded within the sanctuary, a prophetic service having evidently been held in the hour they were overwhelmed. The statue of the goddess with its attendant peacock, the tripod in front of the altar, the golden censers, the jewels on the person of the priestess, the rich vessels holding the deposit of animal blood, are the main particulars dwelt on. The eyes of Juno were of the most vivid enamel, her arms and her whole person richly decorated with gold trinkets, her gaily bird resplendent with a cluster of glittering gems. Aromatic ingredients lay cabined within the censer, while gorgeous lamps and bronze ornaments strewed the tessellated pavements.

PASSING AWAY!

BY LEWIS C. JOHNSTON.

In childhood's bright hour, I've sat by the stream,
And watched the glad waters in play,
And seen the green leaves chase each other in sport,

But, alas! they were passing away;
And 'neath the old oak, with her by my side,
We've gazed at the tree turning gray,
But stream, oak, and sweetheart, not one of them left—

Alas! they have all passed away.
Passing away! passing away!

I remember we've sat on long winter nights,
By the hearth, but my thoughts far would stray,
As I looked on my parents, their eyes growing dim,

And I thought—they are passing away!
My old gray-haired father, bent double with care—
My mother when kneeling to pray—
My light-hearted sister, my kind-hearted brother—
Alas! they have all passed away!

Passing away! passing away!

I'm old now and feeble, 'tis useless to sigh,
For the friends of a bright summer day,
My turn will come next, I can feel death's approach,

And I soon will be passing away.
My friends all have gone to that bright land above,

There for ever and ever to stay;
And I bless His great name, that permits me to go
Where nothing is passing away!

Passing away! passing away!

MAUDE,

Aged 20.

BY MARION WALLACE.

A BRILLIANT French author has remarked that every one contains within himself the ashes of a poet, dead in early youth. Most of us, even the least sentimental—even we who pride ourselves on our utter freedom from romantic notions, have in our hearts, away down deep, a hidden chamber, a little Eden, haunted by the remembrance of our earliest, purest first love—for is not the heart's first offering the holiest, most sacred, of all its after emotions?—into whose secluded recesses we may retire at will.

Often, in my heart of hearts, have I thought that, and thought, too, of the intense pain, mingled so inseparably with the acute joy, in living over the past, that we can scarcely disunite them. I have found it so; and I also know that, for the sake of the pleasurable emotion being re-experienced, one will almost willingly suffer the attendant pain.

The short recital of my life might not be uninteresting, and, despite the ever constant yearning for that which never can return, I will dwell upon it, not tediously long, but brief as consistent.

Maude Aubrey was mine—all my own. For months and years I had known her but to love her. From the moment my eyes rested upon her, a bright, gay girl of sixteen, a strong desire to possess her for my own, to love her, and care for her, took hold upon me, and it never left me till I accomplished it.

She was young, wild and untamed, so far as the rigid rules of etiquette may be considered to subdue one; her robust, healthy face, sparkling eyes and radiant, off-hand demeanor, was just the style to interest me, and others too, it seemed, judging from the covert glances when she walked to church side by side with her handsome, though observant father, and haughty proud mere.

To love, as I did this creature, so young and yet unpolished—but, you know, of the first condition of the purest diamond—may seem strange, and, it might have been to all but myself. I asked no questions of my heart, and went on, happy in knowing Maude Aubrey liked me very much, and her parents trusting me as they did.

My country seat adjoined theirs, and, in consequence of our great neighborliness, a passage-way had been hewn out under the ground, communicating by a stairway with the Aubreys' dining-saloon at one termination, and my smoking-room at the other, thus uniting the families, as it were, in one.

At all hours Maude came skipping along the lighted passage, and I could hear her merry happy voice before she reached me; the same voice sang sweet songs for me, and beguiled many an otherwise tedious hour, and then she would close the piano, or push her guitar from her, and laying her curly brown head on my knee, say:

"Now, brother, I've accommodated you; you must amuse me. Where's Tennyson?"

And so the beautiful summer passed, music, boating, reading, picnicing and riding; and the winter came on, with the skating carnival, sleighing parties, holiday festivities, and long social evenings.

On Christmas day Maude completed her seventeenth year, still that rare thing, a child; I say rare, for few reach that age uncontaminated by the secular passions and influences, waiting, with all the eagerness of a proselyte to snatch the young, confiding stranger into its strategies, and drag her into its vortex of fashionable allurements and dissipations.

How anxious I was for Maude! I feared her proud mother would desire her beautiful daughter "to be introduced" at this early age, while I knew her father would not for a moment countenance it, if he saw Mrs. Aubrey's intentions.

"Mr. Aubrey," I said one day, "your daughter is just seventeen at the holidays, is she to be introduced?"

"Why, man, you're crazy! Little Maude, not yet finished her studies at home, despite the term

at Madame L'Oiveau's to polish her up and put on the extra—she ready to go into the world? No, sir."

"My dear, dear friend, you so relieve me. I was apprehensive. Dear little Maude! She seems so innocent and free from guile. Sir, she is a jewel, and you are justly proud of her; I, too, feel unusually interested in her, in fact, were she older, I should tell her."

"Tell her what?" He spoke eagerly. "Not that you love her?"

"Without looking at him, I replied, steadily:

"Yes, Mr. Aubrey, I truly love your daughter. Young though she is, for a year I have never ceased regarding her with the same tender emotion; and, with your consent, I shall one day ask her to be my wife."

"My boy, my dear son, give me your hand! From my soul I thank you and bless you. My wife and I often have expressed the wish that our child and you might one day marry. You are young—just twenty-five, are you not?—rich and good-tempered; what more could a parent ask for his child? When you both see fit, marry and be happy."

My joy can better be imagined than portrayed; this is one of the heart agonies I suffer in recalling the past, and one I still would not for countless gold forget. What a strange anomaly is human nature.

In all her freshness and purity I wanted to tell my first love story, and my last and only one, to my darling; how I longed to teach her what love was, yet I hastened not about my task, the anticipation was so tempting that I enjoyed much in dwelling upon it, leaving the realization to a future hour. One pleasant morning Maude came as customary to my room, her embroidery in one hand and a new poem in the other.

"Here, *cher frere*, read me Enoch Arden, while I finish mamma's stool; you know I am going to Madame L'Oiveau's soon."

"You are? Why you greatly surprise me—when?"

"In March, we think; then I'll get home in time for my birthday ball."

Her eyes danced with pleasure.

"Come, read, won't you?"

I opened the new volume and cut the fresh leaves with a mechanical far-away air. Going, and had I better tell her or leave her untrammelled to choose her own lover? The latter I could not do, I was fearful of losing her. Enoch Arden I read to her, and as I reached the scene of the story, I saw Maude's lashes glittering and trembling. Through that affecting portion where her first husband—her true love—comes back and finds her the wife of another, I slowly went, and at last closed the book with a sigh.

"Wasn't it sad, just think of it!"

Her sympathizing tears fell for poor Arden.

"Maude, what would you have thought were you Annie?"

She raised her head and answered vehemently: "I don't pity her any—I never would have but one husband."

"Then you never could love but one?"

"Why, yes, I do now—papa and mamma and you."

"How do you know you love me, sis?"

"You're my brother, aren't you? and that's the reason I love you."

"No, Maude, it is because I love you."

My breath came quick and short.

"I know it, dear brother, and that is why you can write such beautiful verses, and can paint my pictures so perfectly, because you love me and think of me."

"Yes, dear."

"Then, I am sure I love you more than I do papa and mamma, because when I am alone, I always see your face, and I had rather be here than home, and—and—"

She hesitated, faltered, glanced at me, then blushed deliciously. My heart had not misconstrued hers; unconsciously she had loved me, and now her heart suddenly felt all a woman's love and tenderness; the first hand to unstop the fountain was mine, she loved me, Maude Aubrey was mine. Joy sometimes kills; to me it only opened into more life a new existence.

Could I only cease this wild yearning for her now; it seems I must see again my little child-betrothed, but no, I know she never will come to me, though I may meet her. I wait and wait, and wish the hour might come.

From Madame L'Oiveau's she came, pure, unsullied and fresh as when my farewell kiss was upon her lips. Happy, lightsome as air, she danced through the old familiar rooms at home; her glad songs burst from her lips just as of yore, and sitting in my room, I could hear the patter of her feet coming to my side.

Towards me she was the same, only there was a shade of reserve and maidenly modesty, rendering her tenfold more attractive; she met the warm glance of my eye, and her own, though equally lighted, would instantly be cast down, and the delicate skin become suffused with "woman's charm"—the blush. Christmas and its snows came; in floating garments Maude was arrayed, with white flowers on her bosom and in her hair.

Shall I ever forget the only times I saw her in white? Once was on her birthday's ball, when full of beauty, youth, hope and excitement, she was about to taste the first intoxicating draught of earth's gales, and be ushered in as a new actor on the stage of life. Drama or tragedy? Alas, alas! it was—! Again in white robes, pale flowers lying on her bosom; brown hair in thin curls clustering to a wan brow; white hands crossed meekly on the still breast—snowy cheeks swept by long lashes closing over sightless eyes; the narrow couch; the odor of geranium; the silver screws and plated lid—

"MAUDE."

Aged 20."

The tragedy over; the curtain fallen, dividing

Time from Eternity. We laid her away under the daisies, burying our broken hearts with her.

The *début* was over; Miss Aubrey's praises rang loud and long; courted, flattered, lionized, I feared her young head would be turned by adulation and homage; but it didn't seem so—for at home she was just the same as erst. The morning kiss and good-night embrace, and when she was at leisure from her many engagements, she would come and bring her low stool and embroidery, and sit by my side, while, from her beautiful face I drank in new draughts of love and inspiration.

"My darling," I said one day, "I almost wonder you love me now, you have seen so many others; then, you could compare me with no one, but now—"

"Now I love you better than ever. What, love you less because you are such a splendid artist?" How laughing her eyes were; she knew what I meant.

"Pet, you know my misfortune debars me from much of the society in which I would mingle were it otherwise; as it is, I prefer remaining here alone, with my books and brushes, trusting my Maude among many would-be-rivals."

She caressed my hand tenderly.

"Never doubt me, darling; this dear foot, almost useless as it is, I love better than life; and I never can forget one who won my young girlish heart."

Could I doubt such loving assurances? I did not.

The summer came, and with its sultry days, my beautiful birdling and her parents left home for a cool sojourn on the sea-shore. Mr. Aubrey urgently entreated my accompanying them, but I declined for two reasons; one, I preferred the comforts and convenience of a large airy room, to a close, disagreeable hotel apartment; the other, should I go, I feared rumor might imagine Miss Aubrey and I engaged, as I would attend her, and as no soul save her parents knew of our betrothal, I preferred it should be secret, and let Maude enjoy her first season untrammelled and free as most young ladies do.

Letters from the shore came semi-weekly; Mr. Aubrey kind, good-natured as usual; Madame exact, dignified, yet charming; Maude loving, loyal, devoted.

Among a large packet of letters—they are old, faded and torn now, soiled with tears—are three or four I received while she was there. Let me read them—they are short:

"The fun and excitement here, dearest, is just what suits me; somewhat livelier than city life, because so many different styles of people are thrown in contact. Among the boarders is a Miss Iberville; she is splendid; of course we are great friends as our rooms join; her wardrobe is *parfait*; beside that attraction is another—her brother; (I hope he'll forgive my mentioning him in such close connections with his sister's handsome clothes); but really he is splendid; such a sweet name, too, 'Percy Iberville,' isn't it? But don't be 'green,' dear one, for I am not *dans amour* yet. Can't you really come on, and spend the remaining three weeks? Do, please do, won't you?"

Another, a week later, says:

"Iberville and I have just returned from a delightful drive on the beach; he is, without exception, the handsomest man I ever saw. He can quote from many poets, and his intonation is exquisite; Tennyson is his favorite, as it is mine—quite a coincidence, isn't it? So you can't really come? Too bad; but I will be home soon now, unless indeed, I conclude to stay longer than papa and mamma."

Do you see, as I too quickly saw, the difference in the letter? Ah, the cloud was rising, no "bigger than a man's hand," yet, with love's prescience, I knew it and felt it. Without waiting for more ground, I wrote a pleading, passionate letter, begging her to remember me, her vows, herself, and not to be led away in a moment of rashness; she would wreck one true heart, and afterwards herself repent.

Then I implored, cautioned her. Anxiously I awaited a reply. Confidently I expected a long, loving epistle, chiding my want of confidence, and bidding me patiently await her return.

It came, the last; here it is. Never since the hour I read it first, as it scorched itself into my brain in living characters of flame, have I opened it; it is fresh and unsoiled, but I will repeat it—I know it; that one reading was enough:

"Your needless consideration has led me to believe you might possibly prove still more tyrannical in married life; besides, I am Iberville's betrothed wife, and expect to be married in the winter. I did not hesitate about accepting him, as I did not consider what you choose to call 'an engagement' at all binding, as it was made so early in life. Hoping you will congratulate us, I remain, respectfully,

M. A."

Goaded by a wild frenzy, I dashed off a reply, fierce, wild, bitter. Would to God my right hand had withered before I had penned a syllable of it! But it was so to be.

I believe in Fate, do not you? Else why the crushed hearts, doomed happiness and broken lives of the many, who might have escaped had they acted or done differently? Yes, Fate and Destiny ever walk hand in hand.

When the Aubreys returned to their home, I was gone. Old associations thronged too strongly upon me and I fled, taking my effects with me.

Where had I gone? I knew or cared not where. anywhere—anywhere from the presence of familiar objects that all spoke with ceaseless tongue of my once loving but lost love.

With almost crazed brain I sped on, and on, till this quiet mountain hamlet attracted me and I stopped here.

Six months after my flight I received a letter dated from Mr. Aubrey's post-office.

"Come quickly, if you would see her alive; she calls continually for you."

The thought of seeing her again—even the wife of another—dispelled all save an insane desire to behold her; not tarrying to wonder how Mr.

Aubrey knew my address, or wondering why, if married, Maude was home, or why her husband did not communicate with me, I hastened off and found her—dying.

My God! and was this my Maude? rosy, laughing, gay, when I saw her last! pale, emaciated, almost transparent, in her extreme attenuation.

I entered the chamber; her eye was bright, and she beckoned me to come.

"Darling, I forgive you that cruel letter. I always loved you, but you gave me up. Iberville—and I—were—"

Her exertion had exhausted her, and the scarlet life-blood oozed from her lips.

In agony I had listened; in awful suspense I awaited the test.

"Lonely"—she whispered it.

"We were only good friends—Percy and I—and I never thought of him loving me till he proposed, and—and—I'm faint, hold my head up—on your bosom where I used to lay it—so—I rejected him, darling, because I never loved but you. You gave me up without any reason, but I sent for you because I did so want to die in your arms. Do you love me now with a little of the old love? Please do, darling, for I'm going so soon. Just a little love to die with; one kiss, like you used to—your Maude—true to—the last—love."

Reader, my heart almost breaks while I transcribe the dying moments of my lost darling. She never spoke again; but with her head resting on my heart, her arms around my neck, she died; her breath she used to the last minute to assure me of her deep affection.

What could it mean? Love me after releasing me from all claims upon her? What did she mean?

Even with her head in my embrace, the spirit just fled and mourning friends gathered around, came the explanation, the exposure of a crime that as surely deserved gibbeting as murder, cold-blooded slaughter, for it killed my darling. A letter, short, sarcastic, fiendish, directed to the angel form in my arms.

I opened it, and read what made my very hair turn white and what almost stupified me.

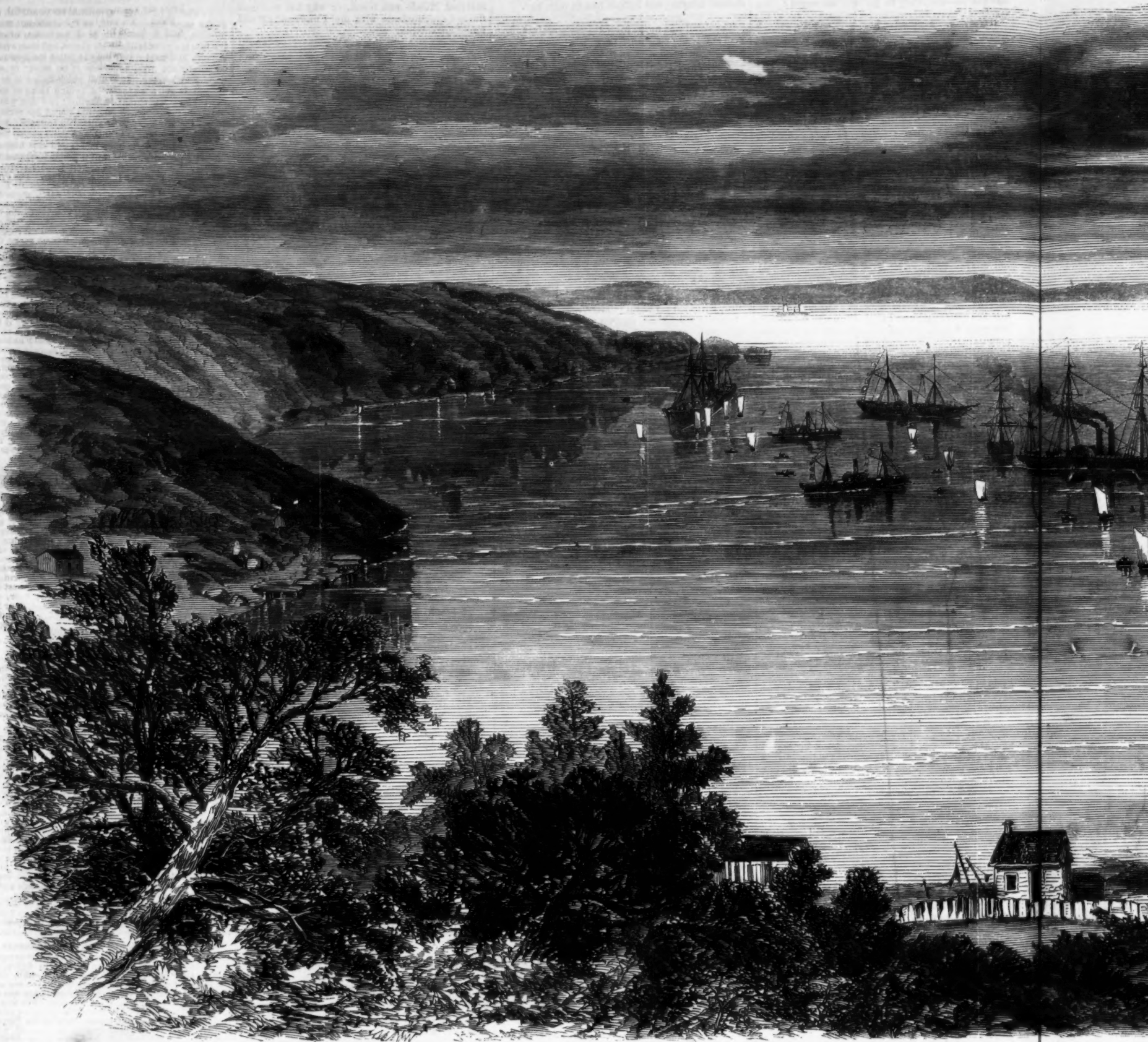
It was a disclosure of the deceit practiced upon upon me; a letter from Iberville's sister—the letter, you know, forged by her and purporting to be from my Maude. And there she lay, its murdered victim, reading a letter. It was superscribed to an angel! I never could tell her now about my letter, so bitter and fierce, which the fiend took care should reach her, and she had died, gone for ever from me in the full belief of my falsity; she had begged for one little spark of love, when my heart was burning with it.

My brain whirled. I was mad—mad!

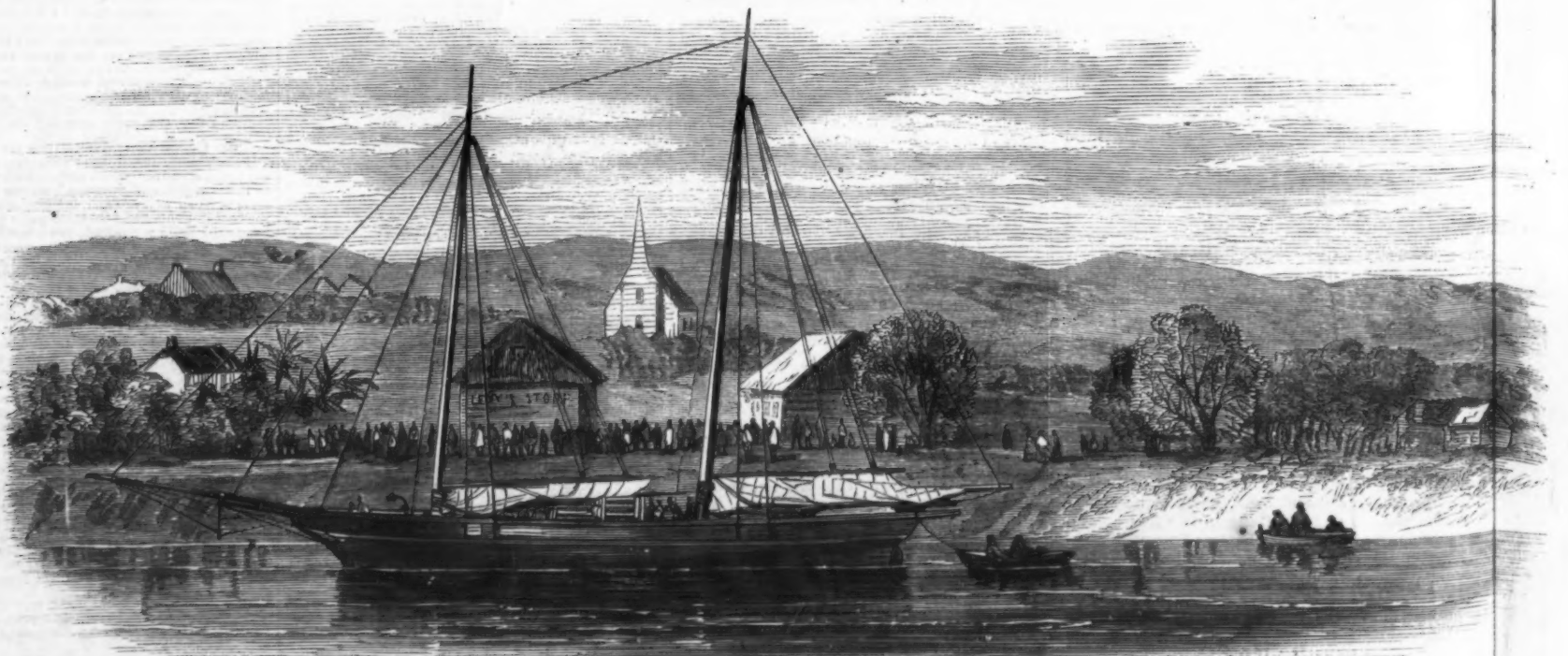
Years have passed, and my hair is whiter than ever, and my step more faltering; yet every day I totter to a shady nook in the graveyard and pray over a green hillock, marked at its head on a simple marble:

"MAUDE,
Aged 20."

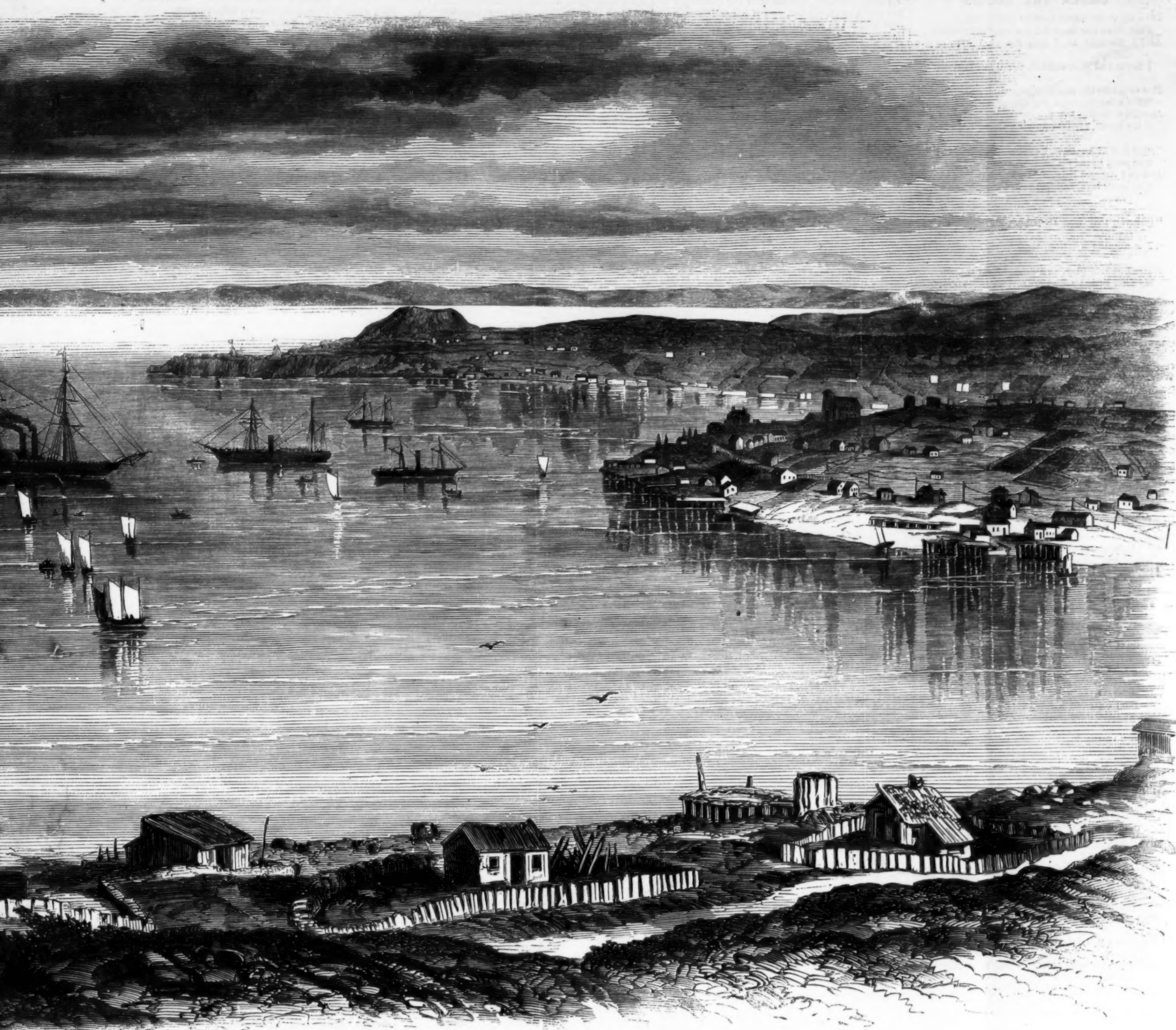
HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—A lady or gentleman having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed, so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means such an important matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is photographically black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, cerise, magenta, yellow-green, dark brown, purple, red, amber, maroon, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always presents better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded against. In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; whilst the "bonnie blue eye," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer; for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair, is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. A freckle quite invisible at a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff-box must be called into the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. 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TRINITY BAY AND HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND, THE LOCALITY WHERE THE WESTERN END OF



CAPTURE OF THE REV. MR. VOLKMAN, ON BOARD THE SCHOONER ECLIPSE, AT LEVI'S WHARF, OPOTIKI, NEW ZEALAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. LEVI.



AN END OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE WAS TO HAVE BEEN LAID.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BECKER.



THE MAORI SAVAGES PERFORMING A DANCE AROUND THE HEAD OF THE REV. CARL SYLVIVS VOLKNER, AT THE R. C. CHURCH, OPOTIKI, NEW ZEALAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. LEVI

UNDER THE SNOW.

Into my room, came a sweet little maiden.

Back from her brow fell the sunset-hued hair,
And I thought as I met the blue eyes of the
darling,
I never had seen childish beauty so fair.

Her skin like the inside of sea-shell so dainty,
With a bright coral tint on her cheek all aglow,
As with voice like low music, she tearfully uttered,
"My birdie, my treasure lies under the snow."

"I fed him all summer, he came when I called him,
And sang to me songs at morning and eve,
And oh! dearest lady, if you had but seen him,
And loved him, and lost him, I'm sure you would
grieve."

"But you look now so happy, and smile on me
gently,
For nothing has happened to make your tears
flow,
While I cannot play, as I think of my treasure,
My poor little birdie that is under the snow."

Ah! child, in thy sorrow thou know'st not my sad-
ness,
The smile on my lips tells a falsehood to thee,
The brow so unruffled conceals the crushed
spirit,
Which in thy sweet ignorance thou can'st not
see.

But come to my side, and I'll tell thee a vision,
Which will ne'er leave my eyes wherever I go,
'Tis the last look of love, that I dreamed he threw
on me,
Ere he died, and was buried—there—under the
snow.

Thou hast heard of the troubles that came to our
country,
When last year's spring blossoms were spread
o'er the land,
And how our brave troops, rushed like heroes to
battle,
When the trumpet of war gave out its com-
mand.

There was one, then, I loved with a wife's true
affection,
And his voice when he spoke was to me soft
and low;
But, alas! he now rests in the grave of the soldier,
In the far Western land, there, under the snow.

I know, dearest child, that he died fighting
bravely,
And he sent me his love, ere his life passed
away,
But the sunshine is darkened which shone o'er
my spirit,
Since I heard the sad news of that fearful day.

He bade me not weep, for he died for his country,
And that thought alone checks the tears as
they flow;
Though my heart yearns in agony over my trea-
sure,
Who, far from his loved home, lies under the
snow.

But one day, when the din of life's battle is over,
The weary march ended, the work here all done,
When the sorrows are gone which clouded my
pathway,
The last fight finished, the victory won—

I hope they will take me where my treasure lies
buried,
Though how much I loved him the world can-
not know,
And there where the brave and the true-hearted
lies sleeping,
I'll rest by his side deep under the snow.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—HOW THE HEIRS-EXPECTANT MET.

It was some time before there was any move-
ment in the positions of the group. Absorbed in
grief that he had not been able to exchange a
single kind word or look with his uncle, and un-
conscious of the presence of spectators, Anthony
gave way without restraint to his emotions. And
still Sleuth looked on with a face set to an ex-
pression of mournful interest, which but little
suggested the terrible chaos beneath.

Past and future were, for the moment, alike
awful. He had done that which nothing could
undo—even to his own conscience—but he had no
time to think of what this word conscience might
mean in the future years, should he succeed in
baffling all suspicion of his guilt, for, as yet, he
was surrounded by dangers, which made it ex-
tremely possible that everything would be at once
discovered. The coat was lying in the stable-
yard under a truss of hay, which had been thrown
down over night from the loft above the stable,
and left against the wall for use the first thing in
the morning. But it is yet only day-break. He
is probably safe till, at least, half-past five; the
groom, though up like the rest of the household,
on account of the event of the night, will hardly
begin work before his usual hour, six. But by
that time the dangerous garment must be got rid
of somehow. Sleuth almost speculates on going
now—even before speaking to Anthony—but while
he glances at the thought, he sees its absurdity
and danger, and resolves to wait for a safer op-
portunity.

And, then, as he still watches Anthony's sorrow
and self-abandonment, he wonders if he has found

the codicil during his hunt after the robbers, if he
has got it in his pocket, and if his satisfaction on
that point has anything to do with the suffering
he now exhibits. Sleuth doesn't like this display.
It seems to reproach him. He fancies his cousin
wouldn't be so full of trouble for the dead alder-
man if he hadn't had some certain assurance given
him that the old man had left him all.

But the future is scarcely less absorbing to
Sleuth's busy thoughts. He may not find the
codicil, either now or hereafter. That contin-
gency must not be forgotten for a single instant,
for then Anthony will be his only friend. Sleuth
almost smiles as he reflects, how great a friend-
ship there must be, if the codicil is not forth-
coming.

But the codicil *shall* be found. If there be one
thing in life of which Sleuth can feel sure, it is that
he is not going to be juggled out of the fortune
he has won by playing such desperate games,
either by "Cousin Anthony's" cleverness in con-
cealing the precious document (if he really has
got it), or by his ingenuity (if he has not) in being
the first to discover in the burglars the actual
possessors, and in buying from them the all-im-
portant paper.

But then he (Sleuth) must for that reason also
keep where he is, in the same house, so that he
may ever be on the watch, and be prepared for
either contingency; to discover the document, if
hidden by Anthony, or to get hold of the burglars
if they sent any messenger prowling about to
open negotiations. Yes, it is clear; he must ad-
mire and love cousin Anthony very much; and be
his one faithful, ever-watchful friend. Again
Richard Sleuth's smooth face is lighted up by a
lurid glow of mirthfulness, which hardly seems to
belong to it, but to be the far-off reflection of
some other face with a truly demoniacal smile
turned upon the murderer, as much as to say,
"Well done!"

But Richard Sleuth measures things by a new
standard since the experience of the last half hour.
He feels to have grown in intellectual stature a
whole cubit—to have suddenly-developed powers
and capacities of which, in his inexperience and
conceit, he knew not previously. He is no longer
the cunning fool that he, no doubt, often had been
in his behavior to his uncle. He had from the
first moment of patronage felt afraid of the old
man. Then the new life, and the new specula-
tions it gave rise to and justified, were all strange
and difficult for him to enter into gracefully or
manfully. He had failed.

But not lost the estate. No, no, no! In his
failure he had made a bold clutch at success, and
won it—provided only—

There Sleuth stopped to consider how the
nephew was to be won by the very same man who
could not win the uncle. Sleuth cast away all
self-delusions, all pleasant fictions, and said to
himself:

"All's true what the old man said, though he
said it always so nastily, and I have been a pitiful
sneaking coward. And that's why he couldn't
abide me; I know now. Yes!" And again Sleuth
smiled—as if thinking he had no idea till now how
useful the most unpleasant truth might be to a
man's prospects in life.

And this time he smiled with some reason. For
having seen and acknowledged in his inmost soul
the ugly truth about himself—by one of those in-
stinctive efforts which, probably, all men are more
or less capable of under the stimulus of some tre-
mendous event—he saw the business of winning
Anthony was by no means so difficult as it looked.
He and Anthony had met but once before; but
that meeting had been in boyhood, when they
had wandered together through a long day by the
seaside, and formed a friendship which, though it
died practically with the day, left behind a pleas-
ant remembrance in the minds of both. Sleuth
was glad of this now, very glad! Not merely be-
cause it made it more likely that Anthony was to
be won, but because it made Sleuth feel he could
more easily set to work in the right way to accom-
plish the task. He had to play a new part, in-
volving, as he had read on playbills, "an entire
change of performance," and he waited only for
Anthony to turn and rise from the bedside that
he might begin.

"Mr. Anthony," said the housekeeper, at last,
in a low and kindly voice, when she found he still
took no notice of them.

Anthony heard, and began to collect his thoughts
and master himself; and after a brief pause, dur-
ing which he did not once look round, he rose to
his feet with a kind of shy dignity, and faced the
speaker and Sleuth.

"Cousin Anthony!" said the latter, holding out
his hand with some embarrassment, as if dubious
how the advance would be received.

"Dick Sleuth!" was the cordial reply, which
was accompanied by a vigorous grasp of the out-
stretched fingers—so vigorous and hearty, indeed,
that they melted the half-congealed blood that
generally seemed to circulate there, and made it
move more responsively. And the two young
men then looked into each other's faces—Anthony
with an earnest, wistful expression, that seemed
to say, "Whatever has happened, or is going to
happen, don't let us forget we are of kin;" while
Sleuth, after a momentary look, let his eyelids
drop, and said, with some agitation:

"Isn't it horrible—this—this—murder?"

"Then he was murdered? Merciful heaven!"

The housekeeper lifted some of the gray hairs
from the alderman's forehead, which were wet,
and clung together, saying, as she did so:

"This is where he was shot. I washed the
place, and tried to revive him; but, heaven help
him, and forgive all his sins—he was quite gone!"

"Don't stay here, Anthony," said Sleuth, anx-
iously; "it makes me sick to see blood, or to think
of it. Poor, dear uncle—he's dead, and we can't
help him now."

"No," said Anthony, as he moved away un-
willingly from the bedside, led by Sleuth's hand
on his arm along the corridor, and down towards

the dining-room on the ground-floor; but I wish
we knew the miscreant who fired the shot."

"Yes—yes, so do I. But we shall never find
him out."

"Why?"

"Because if such men once get away—as these
have got away—we have no trace of them."

"I don't know about that, Dick. However, we
must do what we can—both of us, you and I—to
discover him."

"Oh, of course," assented Sleuth.

"I'd gladly devote half my life to hunt him
down, if I could but get on his track," continued
Anthony, with generous warmth. "What, a poor
old man, just dropping into the grave,—just try-
ing to make his peace with God—he to be hurried
into eternity with his last prayer unsaid! Oh, it
is horrible! horrible!"

"Yes—but you know, Anthony—if—if—it don't
lessen the crime of—the wretched—burglar—it
does make a difference to us to know that uncle
was dying, and had, as he said to me, again and
again, not many minutes to live."

"Well, Dick, we won't discuss that. I can't—I
haven't patience; it chokes me even to think of
He—the murderer—had better never try that plea
on me himself, if he should be caught. I could
almost sooner forgive him the murder than such a
villanous excuse for murder! But, there, I
didn't mean to get excited. And now, Dick,"
said Anthony, "let me give you my cordial
thanks for your behavior to me. The man who
brought me this,—and here Anthony showed his
cousin the brief note he had received from the
alderman—"told me how anxious you were for
me to make haste."

Sleuth looked confused at this praise, which
puzzled him. Was it ironical? But he remem-
bered that it must be Phillis who had done him
so useful a service. His very confusion only the
more favorably impressed Anthony, who now said
to him:

"Well, Dick, how is it—you or I?"

This was asked with a faint approach to a smile.

"Upon my life, I don't know," replied Sleuth,
feeling a growing confidence that his new course
would be made the more easy if he could only
watch how Anthony thought, spoke and acted,
and then himself do just the same, without, how-
ever, any direct and palpable imitation.

"You don't mean that, Dick? You don't really
mean that you are just as much in the dark as I
am, and wondering whether you are to walk out
of this house by-and-by a sort of small million-
aire, or a poor devil, without a shilling in money
or a bit of influence among friends to help him
on? You don't mean to say that?"

"Ah, but I do, though—I do, indeed!" rejoined
Sleuth. "He said something about a codicil in
my favor, which I fancy he meant was to smash
some will in your favor made long before; but
that is really all I know."

"And what do you think?"

"Think?"

"Yes. Come, Dick, don't mind speaking out.
I am prepared for the worst; but can't deny that
my affairs uncommonly need that I should rather
prepare for the best."

"Well, Anthony, I shouldn't like to deceive you
any more than I should like to be deceived; but I
fancy—well, I may say I fear—to be candid, that
you are the lucky one, and I the miserable unfor-
tunate."

"Come, then, let us go together and look about
the place, and see what we can find."

"No, Anthony—if I may make so bold—pooh!
I thought I was talking to uncle. I was always
frightened of uncle."

Anthony interposed, saying:

"I can understand that, Dick; and, perhaps, it
had been better for me if I had felt a little more
of your natural respect, and—"

"There now, Anthony, don't say any more; I
am ashamed enough of it, that I can tell you. I
wouldn't for ten times the fortune do it all over
again. No, no, no!"

There was so much emotion in Sleuth's face and
tone as he uttered these last words, that Anthony
could not but wonder, and the incident tended
powerfully to enhance his liking for Sleuth; for
he had just heard enough, in his banishment, of
his cousin's general behavior, to guess at his be-
setting fault—servility, and to appreciate not only
the candid confession just made, but the manly
change of view and determination it implied as
regards the future.

Sleuth walked to the window as if to look out,
but really to compose his features, which he felt
were distorted by the thoughts of the murder,
that had come back then most vividly; and while
there he could not but remember the coat, and
gaze earnestly in the direction of the truss of hay,
which was still by the wall, and undisturbed, he
thought.

"Anthony," he said, as he returned, "I have
been thinking what we had best do under these
queer circumstances. We will send off to the
lawyer. I shouldn't be surprised if he knows all
about the matter. And whether he does or not,
he ought to be here to join us in our search."

"All right, Dick. Do it quickly; for I have some
very private and very ugly reasons in my pocket
for wanting to know my real position."

"I will. You wait here till I come back."

"Very well. Give me a light for my pipe. I
have been a bit shaken by what I saw upstairs,
and if I try to get rid of my uncomfortable feelings
about the affair, don't fancy me heartless, Dick.
I really do believe I loved the old man—ay, better
than I thought I did. But there, come, the light!
Is your tobacco good?"

"Capital."

"Then I'll revel in the enjoyment of it, if I can,
and try to avoid castle-building out of the smoke,
till I know the bare, unimaginative fact whether I
am heir or no, as you fancy."

"That's right," said Richard Sleuth, as he
hurried off, secure now, he thought, of a brief
space in which to consider how he should get rid
of that dangerous coat.

"Dick!" was soon called after him. Sleuth did
not want to hear, and went on into the hall.

"Dick!" resounded a second time, and louder,
Sleuth stamped his foot in his bitterness and rage,
but turned; for to offend Anthony might even be
more dangerous than to delay the removal of the
coat.

"Dick," said Anthony to him, as Sleuth repassed
the threshold, "I have got an odd idea. You won't
be offended, I am sure, if I tell you what it is."

"Not very likely, Anthony," said Sleuth, showing
his beautifully white teeth in his grim effort to
construct a smile.

"Well you say, Dick—and of course you wouldn't
say it if it were not true—that you think I have
the best chance."

"More than that," said Sleuth.

"Never mind the more. I don't want, if I can
help it, to humbug myself, so we'll say I've the
best chance. Now, then, for my proposal. We are
cousins—we might say brothers at one remove—we
have both been led to expect great things from
the poor old man who lies now so—"

Here Anthony broke down once more, and Sleuth
had to guess the rest of the sentence as well as
he could.

"Well, Dick, this is it. Without any more cir-
cumlocution or nonsense," resumed Anthony:
"If you get this property, shall I find a friend in
you?"

"Oh, Anthony! Can you ask?"

Anthony saw the tears in his cousin's face, and
did not want to ask that question again. He
went on:

"And if I get it, may I, too, be sure you will
look for a friend in me?"

"Oh, Anthony, you—you—you are too good to
me. I know what you mean. And there's One
above—"

Sleuth stopped in the very beginning of an im-
passioned appeal to heaven, warned not so much
by Anthony's looks as by his own checking thoughts
of the mistake he was making, and so he ended
by saying, "I don't like sentiment, do you?"

"No," said Anthony.

"Neither do I. And if you catch me at it again,
I wish you'd tell me."

Anthony laughed, and Sleuth laughed, and under
cover of this false emotion gave way suddenly to
an almost idiotic burst of laughter, which light-
ened the terribly true emotion he did feel, and
which was constantly threatening to unsettle his
reason. Sleuth was very glad thus to be able to
relieve himself, but he did not forget to explain:

"I have scarcely had a wink of sleep these last
three days and nights, and now I must ease my-
self somehow."

"That's right," said Anthony. "And I, with
less put upon me, want a smoke to ease myself,
too, while you send for the lawyer, to see what
Dame Fortune is going to do with us. We are
bound to her wheel, Dick, and must go on. I only
hope, in one of her sudden, mad turns, she mayn't
drive right over us."

As the smoke from Anthony's pipe began to curl
and wreath over his head, and he watched the
fantastic shapes, he said to himself:

"Dick's a good fellow, after all! Oh, yes, or he'd
never receive me in this friendly way. I won't
forget it, I promise him, if all be as he says.
And, if not, why then hang me if I care much
now whether he or I gets the best spoil in the
division—for division I prophesy it will be."

At the same moment Sleuth was saying to him-
self:

"I'm glad I didn't say anything definite about
what I should do; for when the codicil turns up it
might be awkward. Ha! I smell a rat—he had
got the codicil in his pocket, and this is his artful-
ness to extract a sweeping promise out of me
before he owns to know anything but that he is
heir!"

CHAPTER X.—SLEUTH BEGINS TO DISCOVER IN HIS
OWN CASE WHAT ANTHONY MEANT WHEN HE SAID
THEY WERE BOUND TO THE WHEEL.

With a wondrous sense of relief that he had got
through his first interview with his cousin (who
represented to Sleuth for the moment the whole
world, which was to be lulled to the belief that
he, Sleuth, had nothing to do with the murder),
with a truly wondrous sense of relief and of
mastery of fate and circumstance, Sleuth hurried
to remove the coat from its temporary hiding-
place.

He did not know where to put it or what to do
with it. Destruction would take too long, and be
difficult besides. He could not eat that as he had
eaten the pieces of paper, which might have re-
vealed his motive for deciding to make away with
the old man before the document could be properly
witnessed. He could not burn it: the smell would
tell the whole house. And to cut it into small,
almost indistinguishable pieces, ready for disper-
sion at the first chance that offered, even that was
not practicable during the next few minutes. He
must, then, again hide it for an hour or two, or
possibly longer. The place that he continually
thought of, his box, was as continually set aside.
Of course that would be searched if suspicion
should happen to be directed against him. No,
the box was not to be trusted to. He must get
it from under the hay, and use his eyes as he ran
along to discover some secure but temporary spot
of concealment, perhaps till the next night should
give him the cover of darkness.

But while he is thus planning as he moves along,
he is met by the housekeeper, who, to his surprise,
is carrying a tray with breakfast-things.

What is there in this to make Sleuth uncomfort-
able? He wants breakfast himself badly enough,
and of course Anthony wants it too. Why, then,
his alarm? It is because he has never before seen
her attempt to do such a thing herself. She is
not very strong, and there are others about her
who always performs such tasks—Phillis, if no
one else.

Sleuth cannot fulfill his first intention to evade
speaking to her, in order that he may get safely

to the stableyard. No; he must at least make sure that she has no special business just now with Anthony.

"Was it she," he asks himself, "who was outside the door when I reloaded the pistol, and when I let fall the candle and destroyed the old man's paper?"

The question is too tremendous for him to leave it unanswered. He goes right on to where she has stopped a moment, either to rest her burden, or, as he suspects, to let him get out of the way.

"That's very good of you, Mrs. Milton, to think of us poor famished youths. I suppose it is for Anthony and me."

"Y—yes, Mr. Sleuth," replied the housekeeper, in some embarrassment, which did not, however, conceal that she was in no very good humor.

"Oh, well, then, I'll go back with you. There's no hurry. I was going to send for the lawyer, to make a search through the house."

The housekeeper said nothing, looked grim, and did not even thank him for his courtesy when he opened, first, the swing doors that shut out the smell of the kitchen, and then the door into the dining-room, where Anthony was.

"Breakfast, Anthony!" exclaimed Sleuth, with a certain gaiety of manner, he at the same time taking care to be first at the place where Anthony was sitting in a cloud of smoke, so that not even a look should escape him. "Hang the lawyer, and wills and codicils, say I! I want my breakfast just now worse than anything else in the world, so I have come back to get it before going into business."

"I'm hungry, too," said Anthony, putting his pipe on the corner of the mantel-piece; "but let me have a wash first, for I was fetched out of bed by your messenger, and feel terribly knocked up."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Milton. "I'll—"
Whatever she might be going to say or to do, Sleuth determined, at all events, she should say or do in the presence of both; so he said boldly, though not looking at the person he addressed:

"Cousin Anthony and I will go up together, Mrs. Milton, if you will be kind enough to go and send us in something nice in the way of meat to eat with our breakfast."

Mrs. Milton looked at him a moment with an odd kind of smile flitting over her not smiling kind of face; then she put her hand in her pocket and took out something which she laid on the table, saying:

"Look, Mr. Anthony, I found that on the bed, and it was still burning."

"What is it?" said Anthony, jumping up.

"Well, I declare," said Sleuth, "if it is not the wadding out of the mur—out of the rascal's pistol that shot the old man. It must be taken care of. Don't touch it, Anthony—I won't. Mrs. Milton had better keep it till the coroner's inquest—for I suppose there will have to be an inquest."

Sleuth's voice dropped towards the close of the sentence almost into a meditative tone, as if he were asking himself the question.

"My cousin's right, Mrs. Milton. We had best keep things exactly as they were, till some one who is authorized has gone over the house."

The housekeeper took the piece of wadding, and replaced it in her pocket, saying:

"I found it—when I first discovered what had happened—in the bedroom, just before I went along the corridor and saw you, Mr. Anthony, go into the safe-room."

"I, Mrs. Milton! My dear lady, you are dreaming!"

"I'm too old for dreaming, young gentleman. My dreaming days are long gone by. I daresay you were too much excited to know exactly where you went or what you did. I knew you by your coat."

"I assure you—" began Anthony, good humoredly.

"Come, Mrs. Milton," interposed Sleuth, "we haven't a moment to lose. Now, Anthony."

And before there was time to continue the discussion, the two young men had left the room.

"Odd! I don't half like it," commured Mrs. Milton with herself. "He must know he went through that room. But, there! don't I know him well? Haven't I known him for years—as true-hearted and pleasant-spoken a young man as can anywhere be found?"

Scarcely two minutes elapse before Sleuth returns, having washed rapidly, and left Anthony to perform the same process at leisure. The instant he gets inside the door, he shuts it, and glances hurriedly about. Then he goes with swift foot to a corner of the room, where he sees Anthony's light-colored coat hanging on a chair. His hands dive into the pockets and bring forth a number of papers, which he hurriedly examines. Most of them he puts back into the coat pocket, with the slightest possible examination. At last he retains only three documents—letters. Then, while gazing eagerly towards the door in fear of Anthony's return, he feels for his memorandum-book in a side pocket of his own coat, and begins to write, thinking to himself the while—

"These may prove of value some day. Yes—all alike. All threatening! County courts—judgment—prison—no delay, unless prompt payment. All dated within the last few days, suggest powerful motives for—what?" Sleuth did not tell himself that. He was greatly struck to find how things lent themselves to guard him, if suspicion should arise, by casting the guilt on Anthony. He didn't want to create circumstances of that kind—so, at least, he said to himself. But if they did exist, was he to be such a fool as to run his neck into the noose merely because somebody was threatened? Yes, there was a motive why Anthony might have been inclined to somewhat sweeping measures if he had, on his arrival, found the codicil, and had seen his only way was to destroy it, and destroy the author of it at the same time, so that no inconvenient questions might be asked. Sleuth almost began to persuade himself that

Anthony must have been in intention just that which he, Sleuth, was in fact; and that it was chance only, or Dame Fortune, as Anthony had said, which had decided which of the two should strike the fatal blow.

But the codicil! It is that he sought when he lighted upon those dunning letters. It is not in the coat! Anthony, then, he fears, did not, after all, get hold of the precious document! Will he ever recover it? Has he sold his soul to the evil one for nothing?

But now he must venture once more towards the stable-yard. Time is passing—the groom will begin work—perhaps may want the hay—and then—

Anthony opens the door, and again Sleuth is chained; for even if he dared venture to excuse himself, as before, to get away, there is the housekeeper coming in with the dishes suggested by Sleuth's order, as if determined that she alone would wait on the young men.

He wipes the cold sweat from his face, as he fancies there is something ominous in all this; but with good grace he sits down, and does the honors of the table in the best manner he can, chatting the while on all sorts of subjects except those which occupy his real thoughts.

While Anthony drinks a cup of coffee, he sees Sleuth's eyes fall upon the pistol he had brought into the house, and laid down on the sideboard.

"You're looking at my pistol. Where d'ye think I got it?"

"Can't guess," said Sleuth, stooping down, as if to give a more vigorous cross-cut at some hard piece of meat on his plate.

"That's the property of one of our burglar acquaintances—"

"Not—," began Sleuth.

"No—not the one that did the bloody work, certainly; for I found it loaded as I ran after them, and I fired it in the hope of bringing my man down. You see, it is empty."

"And here is mine," said Sleuth, who had been trying to create this very opportunity. He took the weapon from his pocket, scarcely conscious of the danger of so carrying it, since he had learned to confront other dangers. "Uncle gave it to me, and I was rather uncomfortable about it; yes, and I said so, and he got angry, and fired one of the barrels himself at the burglar, but missed him—"

"And then the burglar shot back. I understand now. I'm glad to hear this, Dick. Bad as the act was, it is not so bad as I thought. If I were a burglar—mind the if, Dick—I'm afraid I should lose my temper under fire, and let fly. Ain't you horrified to hear me say so?"

Sleuth's only direct answer was a smile; but presently he added:

"You see, one barrel is still loaded." Then, remembering his alarm about the hand that touched the door while he was reloading, he said: "And very glad I was to know that I had another shot, when I found what had happened, and thought, perhaps, the villains might come back. I never looked so closely at anything in my life as I looked at that other barrel to make sure; for you see, Anthony, I didn't know much about pistols—no, not though the alderman tried to make me understand."

"Yes, Dick, I see it's loaded. And, ah! here's Mrs. Milton coming again. I propose we give up our trophies to her."

But Mrs. Milton declined to touch the loaded weapon. So to quiet her, Sleuth suggested to Anthony it might be fired off, and Anthony, not seeing the matter to be of the slightest importance, went to the window and fired; so dissipating, to Sleuth's intense satisfaction, all danger of discovery through the examination of the charge, which might have been thus proved to be the handiwork of one little acquainted with the process; a not unreasonable fear—for the pistol went off with such violence as to make an extraordinary loud report—and almost dislocated Anthony's fingers. He only smiled, however, as he shook his hand a little, and said:

"Uncle must have guessed the very sort of men that would be coming for this, when he put in such lots of powder!"

Again Sleuth sets out on his errand, professedly to send for the lawyer; but, really, in addition, to remove the coat. He looks at his watch, and almost jumps in affright.

"Twenty minutes past five! I must stop for nothing now."

He goes rapidly along into the yard, listening, as he moves through the different passages, to hear where the servants have got to since the calming down of the first excitement on the discovery of the murder. He hears them talking in the room that served the alderman's small establishment as a kind of servants' hall, and he listened carefully, to count up the different voices he wanted to hear there—the housekeeper's, Phillis's, the cook's, and groom's. He had to wait some minutes before he could tell accurately how many of these were assembled; but at last he satisfied himself that Phillis alone was absent from the animated discussion then going on, and even she might be there; but if so, was unaccountably silent.

As he wondered where she was, and paused for a moment in his desire to be sure that she might not know what he was about to do, a new thought struck him: Might he not learn by his listening if he were suspected, however remotely? The thought was at once so fearful and so tempting, that he did stay two or three minutes, but with no result that could satisfy him, one way or the other, on that subject; though what he heard was alarming enough. The gardener was saying:

"Well, I don't mind who knows it, but I've a sent for Dr. Pompos; he's a magistrate and master's friend, and he'll see into things."

Breathlessly he listened, as if spell-bound, for yet another minute. The housekeeper spoke next:

"Did any of you see a figure in a light coat, like Mr. Anthony's, moving about?"

Sleuth leaned his forehead against the stone wall to cool it, while he waited for the answer, which, however, was a general "No."

Again he moved along the tortuous course he was pursuing to reach the stable yard, without passing so near the servants' hall that they might see him or hear his steps, when he met Phillis full in the face just as he had reached the external door. He could have roared at her like a madman, but was constrained by overwhelming circumstances to speak gently and smile.

"Phillis, I was looking for you."

She said nothing as she answered his curious glance by one still more strange. So he went on:

"Cousin Anthony and I both think the lawyer should be sent for immediately, to go with us all over the house, and look for any papers the old man may have left."

"Richard, did you find the codicil with the help of that key I got for you?"

"Yes—at first."

"And was it as—as you expected?"

"Yes," said Sleuth, uneasily, and wondering if it were a part of Phillis's nature to be always asking ticklish questions at the most dangerous of times.

"I understand, then, Richard. You have got it, and don't want me to know!"

"Don't be a fool, Phillis, and make me angry with you. The paper has been taken out of the safe, with everything else in it, by the burglars; and my only chance now is to wait and watch, in the hope of getting it once more."

"Is that the truth, Richard? Can you look in my face and say it is the truth?"

"Phillis, you little fool—there, I am looking. And there—you know now, I suppose, what that kiss means—that I want only to recover the codicil, by hook or by crook, to fulfill all my promises to you. But run—send off the groom for the lawyer; the groom, mind, for he will go quicker than the gardener."

Phillis went to obey his bidding; and he stood to listen, measuring with his eye every second upon his watch, to give himself occupation.

"Ha, yes! there is the horse; and now the gate opens. He's off! I am safe; for the man I most feared is out of the way."

He went now, through a little door used, into the stable-yard, and there was the truss of hay just as he had left, but in sight from the windows. A new measure of prevention occurred to him. He ran back into the hall, where a cloak was hanging, and put it on, and then returned to the door.

He stopped for a moment, as if fearing those few yards of rough gravel he had to cross might be taking him from safety to danger—from life to death; but they must be crossed. What should he do, supposing the worst, and that there were eyes, at the windows watching?

He began to walk stately up and down, as if to cool his heated brow and enjoy a few minutes of meditation alone, after the fearful excitement of the night. As he walked, what more natural than that he should be attracted by the smell of the sweet hay? He picks a bit out of the truss in passing, but carelessly, as if thinking of anything rather than the hay. Then he stops meditatively—now in one part of his walk, now in another, and now by the corner of the truss. Suddenly he sees something about his foot—a lace broken, perhaps. He stoops to set it right. When he rises, he trembles; for under his cloak hangs the coat on his arm.

But he has it! All the fears of the last hour or two are gone—dispelled into the air. Oh, he is safe enough! All will be right in time. If only he is steady—immovable—whatever may happen to frighten for the moment.

His walk ceases. Of course Anthony must not be left alone. That would be inhospitable. He repasses the threshold of the little door, and, knowing not else what to do, determines to trust the coat to his box for an hour or two—not longer.

Phillis again? What can ail her? She must be watching him. Ha! perhaps she had never ceased to watch him—had seen him stoop, and suspected he was not the man to stoop for nothing. Filled with this thought as he sees her advancing, and being at the time close by a dark angle of the dark passage, he drops the coat from under the cloak just behind him, pushes it into a heap by a backward movement of his foot, and advances to meet Phillis, throwing off his cloak, and saying, as he passed her:

"I was quite cold, now I am warm again. I wish I could get a bit of sleep."

Phillis said not a word as she passed, and the spot was too dark to distinguish the expression of her features.

Sleuth went on, but more and more slowly, till he heard her afar off. Then he stopped—listened—yes, he was quite sure Phillis was out of sight and hearing. Stay, there are other steps, or else Phillis returns. How terrible that he can't see from where he is. More steps. Not one person alone is passing, but one—two—three.

Again silence.

Then Sleuth ran back to fetch the coat, but stopped paralyzed, both his hands moving as the hands of an idiot might move to and fro in the air, and murmuring:

"Where is it? Gone! gone! gone!"

"WALTON."—One of the latest Yankee "notions" of which we have heard, is that of Dr. Dio Lewis, the principal of what we may term a Hygienic educational seminary for young ladies, at Lexington, Mass., wherein Theodore D. Weld is one of his associates. We hear that a recent closing examination at this seminary, one of the exercises (if we may so characterize it) consisted of a careful measurement of the waists of the pupils respectively, and a comparison of the result in each instance, with a record preserved of a similar measurement at the opening of the term, "showing an average net gain of 2½ inches in circumference since the last of October last." Some girls who entered upon the term inviolate, had meantime been trained to walk ten miles without fatigue, while their intellectual progress had kept full pace with their physical.

EFFECT OF STRIPPING A COUNTRY OF ITS TREES.

THE summer heats are beginning to dry up the springs and brooks which were lately so full and noisy, and the attention of observing people is again turned to the fact of the diminution, year by year, of the quantity of water in our streams at certain seasons, in consequence of stripping the country of its trees, and converting the forests into pastures and tilled fields. Almost everywhere our rivulets and rivers show, by certain indications in their channels, that they once flowed towards the sea with a larger current than now. If we go on as we now do, we shall at length see many of our ancient water-courses as nearly obliterated as Addison found them in Italy.

This denuding a country of its trees has made the rivers of Spain for the most part mere channels for the winter rains. The Guadalquivir, which some poet calls a "mighty river," enters the sea at Malaga, without water enough to cover the loose black stones that pave its bed. The Holy Land now often misses the "latter rain," or receives it but sparingly, and the brook Kedron is a long, dry ravine, passing off to the eastward from Jerusalem, to descend between perpendicular walls, beside the monastery of Mar Saba, to the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Mr. Marsh, in his very instructive book, entitled "Man and Nature," has collected together a vast number of instances, showing how, in the old world, the destruction of the forests has been followed by a general aridity of the country which they formerly overshadowed.

Whether there are any examples of frequent rains restored to a country by planting groves and orchards, we cannot say; but we remember, when traveling at the west, thirty-five years since, to have met a gentleman from Kentucky, who spoke of an instance within his knowledge, in which a perennial stream had made its appearance, where, at the early settlement of the region, there was none. Kentucky, when its first colonists planted themselves within its limits, was a region in which extensive prairies, burnt over every year by the Indians, predominated.

The causes which operate to make the rains more frequent, and the springs more regularly full, in a well-wooded country, are probably more than one. Under the trees of a forest a covering of fallen leaves is spread over the ground, by which the rains are absorbed, and gradually given out to the springs and rivulets. The trees also take up large quantities of this moisture in the ground, and give it out to the air in the form of vapor, which afterwards condenses into clouds and falls in showers. All the snows, likewise, that fall in forests are more slowly melted, and sink more gradually and certainly into the earth than when they fall on the open fields. On the other hand, the rains that fall in an unwooded region run off rapidly by the water courses, and that portion of them which should be reserved for a dry season is lost.

In some parts of the country, with a view of supplying the deficiency occasioned by the gradual diminution of water in the streams, they are beginning to resort to the old method of collecting the rains into reservoirs. In a part of Massachusetts, contiguous to this state, the county of Berkshire, the owners of the paper-mills, on what is called the Windsor branch of the Housatonic, have already begun the construction of a basin on that stream, at a spot in Windsor, just above a series of cascades, sometimes called Windsor Falls, and sometimes the Waconah Falls. Here the mouth of a small valley, through which the stream descends, is to be closed by a wall of massive masonry, resting upon a stratum of the original rock.

No mound of earth would answer the purpose, nor wall of stone resting upon earth, since, if that were by any possibility to give way before the water pressing against it, in a time of copious rain, a flood would be let loose which would carry destruction to the villages below. By this reservoir a hundred acres or more will be covered to a great depth, and as it is the centre of an extensive water-shed, it will be filled in rainy weather in a very short time.

This example will probably be followed in other parts of the country, by those who desire to secure a supply of water for their mills in such a season as we had last summer, when the want of water was very seriously felt.

A CANNY SCOTCH LADY.

SHE was penurious in small things, but her generosity could rise to circumstances. Her dower was an annuity from the estate of Mortonhall. She had a contempt for securities, and would trust no bank with her money, but kept all her bills and bank notes in a green silk bag, that hung on her toilet glass. On each side of the table stood a large white bowl, one of which contained her silver, the other her copper money, the latter always full to the brim, accessible to Peggy, her handmaid, or any other servant in the house—for the idea of any one stealing money never entered her brain. Indeed, she once sent a present to her niece, Mrs. Cunningham, of a £50 note, wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, and intrusted it to the care of a woman who was going with a basket of butter to the Edinburgh market. My friend, Mrs. Cunningham, related, to me this, and the following histories of her aunt. One day, in the course of conversation, she said to her niece, "Do ye ken, Margaret, that Mrs. Thomas B.—it dead? I was gawn by the door this morning, and thought I wad just look in and speer for her. She was very near her end, but quite sensible, and expressed her gratitude to God for what He had done for her and her fatherless bairns. She said 'she was leaving a large young family with very small means, but she had that trust in Him that they would not be forsaken, and that He would provide for them.' Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy to bring down the green silk bag that hangs on the corner of my looking-glass, and ye'll tak' twa thousand pounds o' it, and g'e it to Walter Fearrier for behoof of these orphan bairns; it will fit out the laddies, and be something to the ladies. I want to make good the words, 'that God wad provide for them,' for what was I sent that way this morning, but as an humble instrument in His hands?" Miss Trotter had a friendship for a certain Mrs. B.—, who had an only son, and he was looked on as a simpleton, but his relatives had interest enough to get him a situation as clerk in a bank, where he contrived to steal money to the extent of £500. His peculations were discovered, and in some days he would have been hanged, but Miss Trotter hearing the report started instantly for Edinburgh, went to the bank and ascertained the truth. She at once laid down £500, telling them, "Ye maun not only stop proceedings, but ye maun keep him in the bank in some capacity, however mean, till I find some other employment for him." Then she fitted the lad out, and sent him to London, where she had a friend to whom she wrote, offering another £500 to any one who would procure him a situation abroad, in which he might gain an honest living, and never be trusted with money. After all this was settled, she went herself and communicated the facts to his mother.

Mr. R. W. EMERSON has thus expressed himself concerning a volume of the scraps of humor and wise sayings of the late President Lincoln: "He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasant, that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure, if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pylæus, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasions, what lofty and more than national, what humane tone!"

MURDER OF REV. DR. VOLKNER.

From recent files of Auckland, New Zealand, papers, we learn the particulars of the horrible murder of the Rev. Dr. Carl Sylvius Volkner, at Opotiki. The victim was a missionary clergyman, a native of Cassel, Germany, and a student of the Hamburg Missionary College.

Having had occasion to go to Auckland, Mr. Volkner left that port, on his return to Opotiki, on the 29th of February, as passenger on board the schooner *Eolipse*, accompanied by another missionary, the Rev. T. S. Grace. The master of the vessel, Capt. Levy, states that, on the 1st of March, he sailed up the river Opotiki, to Opotiki, and came alongside the wharf and storehouse kept by his brother Mr. Samuel Levy. At that place, he found a great crowd of the Maoris waiting on the bank. Mr. S. Levy, with Tawai, the interpreter, came on board, and said that the Maoris had all taken an oath the day before to kill every minister or soldier who came there. Capt. Levy himself went ashore, and found that this report was true. Some plans for enabling the two missionaries to escape were proposed, but their execution was deferred until night, as the vessel was closely watched by the hostile multitude on shore. Later in the day the Maoris, being in irresistible force, ordered Captain Levy, with his crew and passengers, to come out of the vessel. As soon as they did so, the Maoris seized Mr. Volkner and Mr. Grace and began to tie them with ropes, but desisted from this when Capt. Levy interferred. The two reverend gentlemen, however, with four sailors, the crew of the schooner, were shut up in a warehouse, or large hut, guarded by twenty Maoris, with double-barreled guns. The night was passed in debates among the Maoris as to the fate of their captives. In the morning Capt. Levy and Mr. S. Levy were told that the two missionaries would be shot. Capt. Levy in vain remonstrated and begged the Maoris to refrain from this bloody act.

The savages, changing their minds concerning the mode of death, about ten o'clock dragged Mr. Volkner to a tree and hung him. They did not tie his hands or his feet, but left him to dangle in the air for nearly an hour, during which time some of the natives were hauling at his legs to get off his boots and trousers, sharing what was in his pockets, whilst he hung over their heads, and one of the brutes put on his trousers while he hung over him. After letting the body hang for some time they lowered it down and carried it to the side of the church, where they had a place fenced in. Here they spread the body out in the form of a cross (the poor fellow was not then dead, as symptoms of life were still observable). They then proceeded to cut off the head and to drink his blood as it ran out of the head and body. There was a frightful scramble among the women as to who should have the most of his blood. With the blood that dropped to the ground they painted their faces; the chief, Kereopa, taking the eyes out of the head with his fingers

and eating them before the whole crowd to show them an example. The body was then thrown to the dogs, but afterwards thrust down a drain.

Capt. Levy says: "When evening came the savages assembled in the Roman Catholic missionary chapel, where the bleeding head of Mr. Volkner was placed on the pulpit, and they performed a savage dance before it, yelling and screaming with the utmost fury. All through that night the same disgusting orgies were continued in and around the churches; the wretches, both men and women, assembling in different places, every half hour, to the sound of a kind of infernal whistle, accompanied by the ringing of the church bells."

Dr. Grace was rescued by the timely arrival of a British gunboat.



IGNATIUS BOURGET, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

RIGHT REV. IGNATIUS BOURGET, Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

DR. BOURGET, the revered Catholic Bishop of Montreal, is a native of that city. He was ordained priest November 30, 1822, and after filling for some time the extremely difficult position of secretary to Dr. Lartigue, the first bishop of the diocese, whose early administration was one series of troubles, Mr. Bourget was, on the 10th of March, 1837, made Bishop of Tennesse, and coadjutor to the Bishop of Montreal. On the death of Dr. Lartigue, on Easter day, 1840, the coadjutor became second Bishop of Montreal, and has now for more than a quarter of a century administered the diocese. His career has been as peaceful as that of

his predecessor was stormy. A man of deep personal piety, inspiring reverence and love, he has labored earnestly to advance the good of his flock. He has greatly increased the number of churches in the city and elsewhere founded new religious establishments for education and works of mercy, and given an impulse to good works of every kind. He invited to his diocese the Jesuits and Oblates, the former of whom have erected a noble college at Montreal.

VIEWS AT QUEBEC.

St. John's Gate.

REPARATIONS are continually going on at the fortifications of Quebec, and one of the latest improvements is the demolition of the old St. John's gate, to give place to a more substantial and doubtless graceful work. Mr. Smeaton, the photographer, who lets no occasion pass to preserve views of old landmarks about to pass away, enables our readers to see St. John's gate before it was removed. The St. John's suburb lies without, and passing through, you proceed along St. John's street, about the busiest part of the town. This street, passing through the suburb, runs on to the Foye, and was, under the French régime, the favorite drive of the Canadian belles.

The city wall, with its rampart of solid masonry, extends on, to the right, to St. Louis gate, and on the top, from St. John's gate, ran a covered walk. Below this, within the city, is the esplanade, the parade-ground, and park of Quebec, an habitual resort. The view from the top of St. John's gate is charming, especially at sunset, the river St. Charles, where Cartier had his first fort; further on, the spires of the Indian Church of Lorette, and of Charlesbourg; and in the distance, lit up by the fading hues of the evening sun, the mountains of Bonhomme and Tsounouthuan.

The New Jail.

Driving through St. Louis gate, you pass several newly erected public buildings, quite creditable to Quebec, amongst others a quaint-looking asylum for soldier's orphans, and reach the renowned plains of Abraham, where the fate of French empire in America was decided. The monument at the right of our engraving, a solid, durable granite column, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, marks the spot where the descendant of the Irish Catholic refugee fell, after adding a realm to England's crown. Near it stands the new jail, not yet completed, a solid edifice, which our engraving shows too well to need further description now, deferring to its completion a full account of its dimensions, arrangement and management.

RESIDENCE OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE present residence of Maximilian, the Mexican-French Emperor (a view of which we present this week), is situated in the suburbs of Chapultepec



THE RESIDENCE OF HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.



"THE DEATH OF MIKE FEENEY."—SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF ARRAH NA POGUE, NOW BEING PERFORMED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in Mexico. The castle was first occupied by the viceroy appointed by the Spanish government, and was afterwards used by the republic as a military school. Since it has been the residence of Maximilian it has been very much improved, and may now be considered one of the most magnificent edifices in Mexico.

ARRAH NA POGUE.

BUT few dramas have been produced in this country which have been so well received as this last work of Mr. Boucicault.

It was first produced in this city some two months ago, at Niblo's Garden, and the houses up to this date have been crowded to overflowing. The same success has attended its production in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

From the first scene to the last the spectators are held spell-bound by the deep interest of the story and are enchanted by the mingled pathos and humor of the dialogue, which shows the literary ability of the author in the strongest light.

There is not a superfluous word in the play, and not an incident which does not help forward the action of the plot. It is out of simple materials that the dramatic interest of the drama is created, and nothing but becoming a spectator of the events which are gradually unfolded, and participating in the general sympathy which spreads through the audience, will make the

reader conscious of the skillful manner in which the plot (a description of which we gave in a recent number), has been manipulated. This week we present a sketch of the exciting scene of the death of Feeny, the spy, who is hurled by Shaun headlong into the sea at the Castle base.

TRINITY BAY AND HEART'S CONTENT.

TRINITY Bay and Heart's Content, N. F., have been made celebrated as the proposed terminus of the Atlantic Cable. We give in the present number illustrations of the locality where, had not the attempt to span the ocean proved a failure, the first news of success would have been hailed on this continent. Trinity Bay can hardly be considered a desirable harbor, and Heart's Content only aspires to the dimensions of a small fisherman's village.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

It is interesting to follow the course of Louis Napoleon's amours. The first flame of the present Emperor of the French, was Eleonore Gordon, the daughter of a French captain who fell in Spain. Eleonore was the Prince's *confidante* in the Strasburg attempt. She was a singer, and made advances to the Pretender at Baden in the summer of 1836. It is said she had dreamed

that she would become Empress of the French. In any case, she behaved very courageously. While Louis Napoleon was unsuccessfully haranguing the troops in the Finkmatt barracks, the gendarmes were already knocking at the door of Miss Gordon, whom Persigny had just informed that the Prince's enterprise was a failure. Miss Gordon burnt all the papers referring to the *émeute*—the lists of conspirators, the correspondence with them; and when the gendarmes threatened to break the door in, she placed a chest of drawers against it, so as to complete her *auto-da-fé* at leisure. It was owing to her presence of mind, consequently, that so little came to light at the trial. Louis Napoleon held Miss Gordon in affectionate memory for a long time. When Louis Blanc visited him at Ham, in 1845, he spoke kindly about her. Almost simultaneously, Louis Napoleon had fixed his eyes on the Queen of Portugal, who was then fifteen years of age. The portrait of Maria da Gloria produced an impression on him, and he would not have been indisposed to become King of Portugal. But the matter did not go on quite right, in spite of all the exertions made by his relatives. On December 14, 1835, Louis Napoleon, in an official letter, declined the Portuguese candidature in these words: "Convinced that the great name I bear will not always be a cause of exclusion from my fellow-citizens, because it reminds them of fifteen glorious years, I calmly await, in a free and hospitable land, the time when the nation will take back to its bosom those persons who were banished by the foreigners in 1815. The hope of some day being able to serve France as a soldier and citizen strengthens my

mind, and is more in my eyes than all the thrones in the world."

At that time, however, a third lady was the rival of the singer and the queen. This was Mathilde, King Jerome's seventeen-year-old daughter. She seemed to have loved Louis Napoleon sincerely. When he was transported to America, on board the *Andromeda*, he thought with sadness of his cousin, and wrote the following in his journal: "When I was taking Mathilde home a few months ago, we entered the park together, and saw there a tree which had just been destroyed by a tempest—upon which I said to myself, that our marriage plans would be destroyed by destiny in a similar manner. What my mind then darkly foreboded has since become the truth. Have I, during this year, enjoyed the whole amount of felicity granted to me in this world?" Mathilde, who was born at Trieste, on May 27, 1820, was a great beauty, of short stature, but well formed; with a head of classic shape, large, flashing eyes, and expressive, regular features. Her blooming complexion served as a relief to her light, flaxen hair. Soon after her marriage with Prince Anatole Demidoff, her charms faded away, and her face assumed an expression of weariness. When Louis Napoleon became President, Mathilde did the honors in his house.

In 1840, Louis Napoleon was enamored of the lovely Lady S—. He wore her colors at the tournament which Lord Eglington got up in Ayreshire. From the tournament he proceeded to Boulogne. At the fortress of Ham, whither he was conveyed after the Boulogne failure, he fell in love with a girl of the name of Badinnet, the daughter of a wholesale baker in the town. By her he had two children, of whom Miss Howard afterwards took charge, of course for a large allowance. Miss Howard was a robust English beauty, who cost



THE OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SMEATON.



THE NEW JAIL AT QUEBEC, CANADA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SMEATON.

Louis a great deal. He made her Comtesse de Beauregard, and purchased her a splendid villa near Paris. In 1849 she had a *fausse couche*; and the Parisians still remember, as if it were to-day, how straw was spread in front of the house of the President's mistress. It is notorious that it was the Howard who, in the winter of 1861, drove the Empress to Scotland by her audacity; she took a box in the opera exactly opposite Eugénie's, and stared at her through her glasses in a most provocative way. The last of Napoleon's loves, the Countess Eugénie Montijo, was the happiest of all—she became Empress. In 1848, Louis Napoleon was for a while the admirer of Madame Kalaris, a charming blonde, to whom Cavaignac also paid court. Louis is said to have defeated the general with the lady, who lived apart from her husband.

TIME AND ITS PERIODS.

THE days of the week were named mostly in honor of heathen gods or objects of worship. Sunday from the Sun; Monday from the Moon; Tuesday is named from the Saxon god Tuiscio; Wednesday from Woden, the god of battle; Thursday from Thor, the god of winds; Friday from Friga, another name for Venus; Saturday from the planet Saturn.

Now about the names of the months: January was called in honor of the god Janus, who was represented as having two faces, one before and one behind, thus looking back at the old year and forward to the new. The people on the first day of January crowned the image of Janus with a wreath and presented him an offering of fruit and wine. Friends also made each other presents, and it is from this custom we may have derived the fashion of our making New Year's presents.

February is named from a feast which was held for twelve days at Rome, called *Februalis*—meaning purification—the people being then purified from the sins of the whole year. The Romans first gave twenty-nine days to February; but when it was afterwards decreed by the senate that the eighth month should be called in honor of Augustus, a day was taken from February and added to it that it should not be inferior to July.

April is from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open, signifying the opening of the buds and blossoms. May is from Maia, the mother of Mercury; June so called in honor of Juno, the wife of Jupiter; July was named by Mark Anthony in honor of Julius Caesar, the celebrated Roman Emperor; August was in honor of Augustus Caesar, also another famous Roman; September was thus named from Septem, seven, it being the seventh month of the year, beginning as it did with March, which was then called the first month; October is from Octo, the eighth month; November is from Novem, the ninth; and December from Decem, the tenth month.

The ancients did not reckon time as we do. In the age when Our Saviour lived, the day commenced at six in the morning, so that the third hour would be our nine o'clock. In Italy the day begins at sunset, and the clocks there strike twenty-four hours—that is, an hour past twelve they strike thirteen instead of one, and so on up to twenty-four o'clock, and then begin at one again. The Turks begin their day at a quarter of an hour after sunset.

Before clocks were invented, the Romans had queer ways of measuring time. They used to fill a tall glass vessel with water and let a cork float upon the top, the water then ran out through a small hole in the bottom, very slowly, the cork gradually descended, and by marks on the outside of the glass showed the flight of time. In the middle ages some persons used to burn candles and mark the passing time by their decrease. Then sun-dials were invented, and afterwards clocks.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—Alexandre Dumas published in a daily Paris paper a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the gradual symptoms are most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine. One day the Marquis de Dalomieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "do you mean to let your heroine die?"

"Of course; after such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you must; for, on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapters. His heroine recovered and was happy. About five years afterwards Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed; "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has had four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "and so we are quits."

HUMAN SKIN NAILED TO CHURCH DOORS.—There is a tradition handed down in several instances, that the doors of certain churches had been covered with human skin as a punishment of sacrilege. The notice of the Society of Antiquaries was called to the existence of such a tradition regarding the churches of Hadstock and Copford, in Essex, and it appeared that a singular tale was known at Worcester in relation to the great north doors of the cathedral—supposed to have been covered with the skin of a person who had robbed the high altar. These doors were removed some few years ago, and the old wood-work deposited in the crypt. A portion of the supposed human skin was obtained, which remained under the iron-work and clamps. It had evidently been laid upon the doors when first made; and it proved, on careful examination by a powerful microscope, to be, in fact, human. Portions of the skin from the church doors at Hadstock and Copford were also obtained, and these were found also, on scientific examination to be human skin. We, likewise, find allusion made to this subject by Pepys, in his "Diary," in respect to a visit, in the year 1661, to Rochester Cathedral, to see the Danes' skins with which the doors, as it was believed, were covered. The occurrence of such savage punishment in remote villages, and in parts of the country infested by the Danish or other pirates, might appear less extraordinary; but the discovery of such a practice in the instance of cathedral churches must be considered as very remarkable, more especially as no ancient law against sacrilege has been found by which any like penalty was shown to have been warranted.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT is the merriest Sunday in the year? With-Sunday.

A MORAL INSTRUMENT.—An upright piano.

WHAT quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, and dinner parties? White kids.

FRIEND: One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hands and heart in adversity.

If a man were to set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the next street.

THE intelligent have a right over the ignorant—the right of instructing them.

A COUNTRY girl, in speaking of the polka, says that "the dancin' was nothin', but the huggin' was heavenly."

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"I SHALL be," and "I might have been!" The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells; the latter, the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, and the inscription for a tomb.

A CERTAIN dissatisfied wife says, that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot or shoe without "putting his foot in it."

BOY IN A GRAMMAR CLASS.—"Of what gender is Thomas?" "Thomas is of the masculine gender." "Of what gender is Susan?" "Susan is of the feminine gender, of course."

A SCOTTISH advocate who, in his broad Scotch, pronounced the word water, *water*, being asked in the court by the Chancellor if he spelled water with two t's, replied:

"No, my lord; but I spell manners with two n's."

To a lady who once complained of the insolence of some English coal-heavers, their employer replied by a humble apology on his own account; adding:

"But, madam, to tell you the truth, we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

THE surgeon of an English ship-of-war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars that day, if he had heard anything of the doctor.

"Yes," answered Jack, "he was drowned last night in his own medicine chest."

A CLEVERMAN called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy of about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that, no doubt, the child was gone to heaven."

"Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there."

THE following bit of sharp worldly and religious practice occurred recently at Edinburgh. A great Sawney, at a charity sermon, put a five-shilling piece by mistake into the plate, and was about to reclaim it, when the collector, who knew his man, said:

"Na, na, Sawney, mon—you are in for the siller."

"I meant a penny, sir," was the pitiful rejoinder.

"It can't be helped, mon; I say you're in for the siller," was the hard reply.

At length Sawney gave up, and said with a sigh:

"Awel, I'll get credit for it in heaven."

"Na, na, mon," continued the hard-dealing collector, "you'll only get credit for the penny."

THE father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious.

"Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?"

The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed.

"What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?"

"Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

EPIDEMIC CONSEQUENT ON WAR.—The belief that epidemics frequently follow war is not unreasonable. After a great battle the air is surcharged with miasmatic poison from decayed corpses of men and horses, and from the often putrid wounds of those still living. This can be attested by any one who has visited the battle-fields of the South a few days after the occurrence of great battles. As the putrid matter from a corpse is deadly and instant poison when applied to the quick flesh, or delicate membrane of the eye, so this miasma, wherever it taints the atmosphere, or makes its aerial flight upon the winds, is poisonous in a more gradual and less fatal degree when introduced through the physical system and into the very blood, from the ever active lungs.

Mental excitement is accompanied by conditions of the body which expose the system to attacks of almost every form of disease. The histories of all wars, and especially of civil wars, says a writer on the subject, bear testimony to the fact, that public and especially private morals, alike relax their binding force upon society and upon individuals at such times. Every student of history is as well aware of this fact as of the wars that accompanied this moral phenomenon. The hideous dens of prostitution multiply. Moral and physical plague spots themselves, they infect with a moral and physical plague oftentimes where society would least suspect light below the purest virtue.

The spotted fever which has appeared in the Atlantic States of late years, is attributed by some, to the importations of infected rags and cast-off clothing from Constantinople and other parts of the Mediterranean and Europe. The symptoms of this disease are said to be similar in many respects to the spotted fever or plague still prevalent in some parts of Syria, and to a limited extent in Northern Africa. This theory is certainly entitled to serious consideration.

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.—To be left alone in the wide world, with scarcely a friend—this makes the sadness which, striking its pang into the minds of the young and the affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and interpret the spirit-signs of their own hearts. The solitude of the aged, when, one by one, their friends fall off, as fall the bare leaves from the trees in autumn—what is it to the overpowering sense of desolation which fills almost to breaking the sensitive heart of youth, when the nearest and dearest ties are severed? Rendered callous by time and suffering, the old feel less, although they complain more; the young, "bearing a grief too deep for tears," shrink in their bosoms sad memories and melancholy anticipations, which often give dark hues to their feelings in after life.

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